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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is not obvious why Lord Ampthill should go to Paris and treat a number of distinguished Frenchmen to a long and heavy exposition of the meaning of Imperialism. He has not been reported here in full, so we may be judging unfairly: but from the report we have seen, his theory of Imperialism is nothing but platitude put very dully. However, if quick-witted Frenchmen found it entertaining, all right. But his pronouncement that the British Empire has done with expanding is not all right. Lord Ampthill is a private person at this moment, but he has been otherwise, and he should remember it. Fancy a statesman committing himself to a broad assertion of that kind!

Happily his saying it has no bearing on fact, or we should be uncomfortable, for no empire can say "Thus far and no farther" without receding. Like every other organism, when it ceases to develop it begins to die. How often shall we express the wish that our public men knew something of Roman history! A limit was deliberately fixed to Roman expansion on the German side, and Mommsen points out that here we have the turning-point: one of the landmarks of history. Apparently Lord Ampthill was urged to this irresponsible saying by desire to bring England into line with France, who also "has done with expanding". Well, according to Lord Ampthill we are "roped" with France, in order that we may stand or fall together. Did this diplomatist really know what he was saying? We are forcibly reminded of the "boy-governor", as a certain great man once called Lord Ampthill.

What he had to say of Asiatic immigration might have been worth hearing, for he was administering India when the question of the Transvaal treatment

of Indian immigrants was acute. But, unfortunately, he said very little; there was no new light. He rightly resents the treatment some colonies give to British Indians—he would do that, naturally—but what is his solution? "A compromise resulting from a better and more widespread understanding of the imperial ideal and of imperial duties, and this is a matter for long, earnest, and unwearying propaganda." What does this mean? How much further does it take us? One remark, however, had point, whether right or wrong. Lord Ampthill says this is not a case of race or colour prejudice; it is purely economic—a struggle between some whites who want cheap imported labour and others who object to it—employer and employed, in other words. In the British colonies the anti-Asiatic movement may be mainly economic; but in California race antipathy surely comes in.

The idea of being "roped" with France is attractive, is it not? when one reads M. Charles Chaumet's report on the French Navy. "Our sacrifices", he says, "would seem to be predestined to sterility. In vain do we multiply expenses. The military force, which is the only thing that counts, does not increase in proportion, if it be not even relatively decreasing. Parasite organs are developing to the detriment of the central body. The administration is absorbing the substance of the fighting fleet. On all sides are instability and anarchy. In presence of this progressive decomposition everyone is casting on his neighbour the responsibility for a situation for which no one personally is responsible, and from which all, on the contrary, have to suffer. Sailors, engineers, gunners, administrators, instead of being fraternally united in loyal and indispensable co-operation, are pitted against each other in the most regrettable hostility. There is no longer confidence in the future. The steady methodical progress of foreign fleets is an object of envy, and there is discouragement on seeing that we appear condemned for a long time to a humiliating inferiority."

There has been sharp fighting during the week in both the East and the West of Morocco. Whilst the Sultan in the neighbourhood of Rabat with the advice and assistance of France re-establishes his authority in

one place, only to lose it in another, the French on the Algerian frontier have narrowly escaped serious disaster at the hands of the Beni-Snassen. Alone of the tribes who were implicated directly or indirectly in the murder of Dr. Mauchamp, the Beni-Snassen have never made full submission to France. The tribe is a powerful one and brought matters to a head on Monday by delivering an assault on the French frontier camp. But for the vigilance of Colonel Felineau the French force, outnumbered probably by ten to one, must have been annihilated. As it was, after the attack had developed the French infantry were only saved by an almost desperate cavalry charge. It is said that considerably over a thousand of the Beni-Snassen were killed. There is unrest along the whole frontier, and French troubles in that part of Morocco have not ended with the rout of the Beni-Snassen.

The Emperor Menelik is dabbling in constitutional government. He has announced that he intends to introduce a European system into his country and that he has started to appoint a regular Ministry. A constitution—but he means to run it himself. Why should not Mr. Keir Hardie take his next holiday in Abyssinia to educate public opinion there? He is a cosmopolite, and should not confine himself to the British Empire. As Menelik tries many of the graver cases himself Mr. Hardie would soon make his acquaintance, and would certainly find him a most interesting man. The Emperor is as many-sided as any living ruler to-day. Social, domestic, religious, judicial, commercial and high political questions all occupy his energies at Adis-Ababa. His introduction of a European system of government—with Abyssinian safeguards—shows that Menelik's intellect and imagination are still lively. It is a step which has been urged on him by the representative of perhaps more than one foreign country for some years past; and may make for some stability when Menelik's reign ends.

Are we to reckon the Swazi chiefs amongst the numerous Royalties in England at present? They are a sort of poor relations, we suppose, who would not have been quite at home with their grander kindred if invited to meet them for a week-end. But they have been popular with "the democracy", whose pleasures they have been sharing at the Hippodrome, and Queen's Hall, and Maskelyne and Devant's. We believe, though we are not quite sure, that we have ridden with kings on the Tube and seen them looking at newspapers almost as familiarly as if they were ordinary strap-hangers. But we are not quite sure; they may have been only the suite! Yet Swaziland courtiers give one a thrill, as one is not used to them. The fog has been their amazement, the gramophone their delight. Such unsophisticated Royalties as these are refreshing after the splendours of so many others of the "Kings we have met".

The adoption by the Douma of the address to the Crown in the form in which it left the Committee that drafted it is a good sign, as it implies the rejection of various amendments raising dangerous questions. Thus the Right proposed that the word "autocracy" should be used in the address, intending thereby to deny that any change in government has been introduced by the Douma. This was defeated by the Constitutional Democrats and the Octobrists voting against it. Yet the Constitutional Democrats and the Octobrists use constitutionalism with a very different meaning, and it is far more definite with the Cadets than with the Octobrists. The vaguer it is, the better for the Douma; and if the Octobrists voted against the attempt to deny it any use at all, we are not to suppose that they are going to act with the Cadets regularly against the Right. Now that this empty discussion about words has been got over, we may hope that M. Stolypin will find that he can do some practical work.

One and all the stories about the Kaiser's health and about "consultations" between his doctor and English doctors are pure fiction. The Kaiser's doctor gave them this week at Highcliffe an absolute denial. He

has had a consultation with nobody, the Kaiser is not suffering from ear trouble, he is in good health. He has been to see Wilton House, Romsey and Christchurch during the last week. But is it really necessary to take down and print his casual remarks on the scenery and architecture of these places? The account of what the Kaiser said at Christchurch about the hatchet-work, the organ, and the misereres is quite ridiculous. Some men are not allowed to pick up a pin or blow their noses without being snapshotted in the act.

Prince von Bülow's Bill for the expropriation of Polish landlords in Prussian Poland is a very singular measure. A credit of £17,500,000 is demanded to carry out this project. Prussia has been attempting the Germanising of Poland by settling Germans in West Prussia and Posen, and has spent millions of money. Prince Bülow declared that within the last five years success had begun to dawn on these efforts. Yet, taking the latest ten years, much more German land has passed into Polish hands than has passed from Pole to German. For this reason the Prince believes that the time has come for new and more effective measures. Naturally the Prussian Poles are greatly excited over the expropriation, though, of course, compensation is provided; and indeed most of the German papers are very doubtful about the new policy. In Austria too the Poles and Slavs are indignant, and Baron von Achrenthal will have to face their attacks as Foreign Minister for not having prevented it. Prince Bülow is said to have informed the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at Berlin that his Government had no intention of undertaking the policy of expropriation.

There has been a debate in the Reichstag on the cost of living in Germany. It was raised by a Socialist deputy, and his contention was that owing to the high tariffs general prices had risen very much more than wages. He admitted indeed that the latter had risen as a result of "the phenomenal prosperity of industry". The Secretary of State admitted the high price of corn, but he pointed out that the cause was the bad harvests, not only in Germany, but in other countries. High prices in other things were very much due to the extraordinary industrial prosperity of Germany, and if agriculturists benefited from these, there were special burdens on them caused by the scarcity of labour owing to this industrial prosperity and the higher prices of manufactures. Similar phenomena have been universal, and free traders in England were a short time ago using the same arguments as the German minister in answer to certain Tariff Reformers who argued that free trade did not keep down the price of corn inasmuch as it had risen. The German minister made it very plain that the Government saw no occasion in what had happened for modifying the tariff policy.

Mr. Bonar Law was referring to this very question of German cost of living at the Middlesex National Union meeting on Tuesday. Lord Percy but expressed the general and growing opinion of the Unionist party in predicting with confidence a brilliant political future for Mr. Bonar Law. The phrase is cheap, almost banal, but in this case it was not a commonplace. No man has grown so rapidly on the Unionist party during the last three or four years as Mr. Bonar Law. He has been helped by occasion, no doubt; but there are many other keen tariff reformers on the Unionist front bench whom occasion is not magnifying. Mr. Bonar Law's breezy speech was quite what is wanted now. We can afford to make things as easy as possible for all who are not against the Unionist party, for facts have made tariff reform an essential element in the party policy.

It will soon be as hard to get an Irish jury to convict of cattle-driving as to convict of murder. Mr. Justice Wright's remarks on this subject follow very well on Mr. Birrell's. The jury system through a large part of Ireland is quite farcical. Mr. Birrell is clear in his own mind as to the evil of cattle-driving; so are his friends in the English press. But the studied moderation of language with which he and they refer to cattle-driving,

we fear, encourages the offence. They describe it one day as "illegal," another as "reprehensible," and they suggest that it is quite inconvenient to Mr. Birrell himself and tends to put off Home Rule. To most people of honest thought cattle-driving appears to be cowardly and brutal. We advise anybody who doubts that Ireland needs resolute government just now to read Mr. Walter Long's article in this Review to-day.

Meantime it is curious to notice the discrimination with which the Chief Secretary chooses the places where he shall speak—mildly—against this "reprehensible" practice of cattle-driving. He chose Southampton, which is a long way from Ireland and the Irish vote. We ventured to suggest Dublin as a better place for Mr. Birrell's remarks on the subject. But Mr. Birrell did not take this view. He preferred Belfast. Perhaps Belfast is more to the point than Southampton; but, as Mr. Campbell suggested in a speech this week, Mr. Birrell was safe not to get into trouble there. Why does he not take his courage in both hands and condemn cattle-driving in a few speeches in, say, Roscommon and Meath and Galway? As it is, the bulk of the people who drive cattle and defy the law generally never read or even hear of Mr. Birrell's remarks. Let him go to the cattle-driving centres and say what he has to say to the people themselves. The police surely can be trusted to protect him.

Mr. Burns made an interesting speech on "schooling" this week. He could not resist towards the end of his remarks speaking of his own labours. We believe he does work as hard as most men. But when he suggests that it is a case of slavery we cannot go with him. No, his gyves are of his own imagination, like those his friends piled on to the Chinese labourers in South Africa. The work of a Minister who does not spare himself is doubtless hard, but it is highly paid compared with most professional work. Moreover, once a man has been in the Cabinet he is absolutely secure for life. We have never been melted by stories about the martyrdom of Ministry. It was Lord Rosebery who set the fashion of pitying the terrible public anxieties and evils of the wretched holder of high Government office. But are they not largely of the fancy?

Mr. Asquith on Tuesday received three deputations on the licensing question, and managed to say a certain number of words to them all that had no definite meaning; exactly the comment made on Mr. Gladstone's speech by the lady who represented the case of the barmaids to him on Thursday. To the representatives of the Evangelical Free Churches, it is true, Mr. Asquith promised that something should be done to amend the Act of 1904 in the direction of popular control. To the deputation from working men's clubs he gave an assurance that no steps likely to harry out of existence any of them that are not public-houses in disguise would be proposed by the Government, whilst the brewers were told that their interests would be secure against unreasonable or confiscatory legislation. The one thing clear is that an Act which has brought about a big reduction in licences without cost to the community is, if possible, to be pulled to pieces because certain members of the present Government opposed it at the time it was passed.

When we predicted last week that the tactics of the Suffragettes at Mr. Haldane's meeting would be repeated elsewhere, we had no idea how soon this would be borne out. Mr. Herbert Gladstone's meeting at Leeds was simply broken up, and he himself—and who will blame him for it?—had to beat a masterly retreat. The newest plan of the Suffragettes is really quite subtle—satanically so, Liberals will think. Every suffragette contrives to sit well fenced round by male admirers who can ward off the stewards or chuckers-out. The stewards may be good men and true, but they cannot be expected to drive their way through resolute men two and three deep to seize the interrupters. It reminds one comically of the "squares" at Waterloo

and the fiery Frenchmen riding up and around, but never able to break through.

The amusing thing about it all is that the more some Ministers are hit, the more do other Ministers turn a cheek to the smiters. To judge by their recent declarations, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lloyd George are quite passionately in love with the idea of women voters. Indeed one would be hard put to it to find two Liberals of any importance to-day who are not profuse in their professions of belief in woman's suffrage. Mr. Asquith is the only one we can think of—and we are not quite sure of him. If woman's suffrage is such a very good thing, and if Ministers approve of it so greatly, why do they not promise to bring in a Bill next Session? It can be massacred with the rest of the innocents in August. But we are base enough to suspect—a little—all these professions of approval. Mr. Labouchere's way was straight, hard and unmistakable. He said he did not believe in it and would vote against it. We really believe that if Ministers stiffened like Mr. Labouchere, their meetings would not be so often threatened or spoilt.

Mr. Plowden "presented" the seventh matinée of the Druce case on Wednesday. It continues to be the most fashionable function in London; and it must be very inconvenient for the fine ladies who patronise the entertainment so regularly to have to visit the squalid parts of Clerkenwell and Marylebone. One of the picture-galleries in Bond Street ought to be taken and fitted up as a drawing-room. With all the places occupied by smart people and the vulgar public excluded, the surroundings would then be ideal, and Mr. Plowden and his friends could throw off the last shred of remembrance that there is anything at all serious in the case, and enjoy themselves without restraint.

What could have been foretold happened on Wednesday, when Mr. Avory finished his cross-examination of Miss Robinson after a day and a half. This was the witness he hardly thought worth more than a few questions. No counsel could have resisted re-examining just for the sake of quoting Mr. Avory as Mr. Atherley-Jones did. "I don't know whether I ought to waste the time of the court by re-examining this witness." Laughter, of course, and very excusable. Another witness was introduced, Mrs. Hamilton, an old lady of seventy-seven, par nobile in this respect of Mr. Caldwell but much more expansive. Her reminiscences extended to the time when as a young girl she knew the fifth Duke, who, as Scott-Portland, often visited them in Gower Street and was seen by her as Mr. Druce in Baker Street and as the Duke of Portland at Welbeck. False beards and whiskers are accessories as prominent in her story as in Mr. Caldwell's, and above all we are told of a mock funeral. It would be hard to beat the crisp brevity and verve of the dialogue: "My father said, 'He is going to have a funeral'." The Duke said to my father, 'Roby, I think we can get a corpse at either the workhouse or one of the hospitals'. My father said, 'Don't think of such a thing. That will never do. Put bricks, mortar, lead, or anything in'. The Duke said, 'Very well'."

Mr. Justice Kekewich, who was Senior Chancery Judge and had been twenty years on the Bench, had, what is very rare with Chancery Judges, a reputation with the halfpenny evening newspapers. They thought it was a joke to be the Judge with the largest number of appeals from his decisions; but they distorted this, as they do most things. True, lawyers could joke too about him; but they knew he was a very good Judge, prompt, industrious, courteous, and by no means always over-ruled. And there is a Bar story, very wicked whether true or invented. His lordship in a trustee case remarked that if he were the trustee in the given circumstances, he would give judgment against himself. "Quite so, my lord", replied the counsel whom the remark did not suit, "but your lordship would appeal." It was characteristic of him that while he lay ill he had two of his last judgments read for him by a colleague, and that he has left no arrears in his Court.

Lord Battersea, who died this week, was, in his House of Commons days, one of the most pleasant figures in party politics. Ill-natured things have been said about him, but those who knew him well always had a very different account to give of him. There was an admirable sketch of Lord Battersea in the "Westminster Gazette" of Thursday, which probably gives a very good idea of his character and disposition. We find it hard to think of Lord Battersea without recalling a conversation with a Labour leader some years ago. The Labour leader and M.P. pointed to a house in the distance and remarked, "That is Lord Battersea's—Cyril Flower's, you know. It is filled with rare and costly things. He is immensely rich—a millionaire"; and then, after a pause and a puff at his cigar, "After all there is something in Socialism. Some men are too rich, you know. Come in and have a glass of whiskey with me".

Little room for doubt was left after the inquest on Sir Henry Colville that he met his death in the collision between his motor-cycle and Sir Henry Rawlinson's car through his unfortunate habit of too rapid riding. In this particular instance he appears at a dangerous part of the road to have been on his wrong side also. Sir Henry Rawlinson on the other hand is known to be a cautious driver, and the verdict exonerated him from all blame. The pathos of the affair is heightened by the friendship existing between the two men. General Colville's career, thus tragically closed, did not fulfil the brilliant promise of its opening. Down to the South African War all went well with him; the disasters at Sanna's Post and Lindley summarily destroyed his military chances. A Radical in politics, he was nicknamed Odger Colville.

Is the present Bishop of Durham one of those loyal officers of the Church of England who, when there is a difference between their Church and the State, instinctively take sides against the Church? His pronouncement on the Deceased Wife's Sister question leaves that impression. What is the law of the Church to him? The law of the Church, everyone knows, is not affected by this Act; and yet the Bishop of Durham will think neither worse nor better of an incumbent in his diocese who celebrates, or allows to be celebrated in his church, a marriage under this Act which the Church does not allow. That Church law does not count is a possible position to take up—it is the man of the world's position—but does Dr. Moule endorse it? His pronouncement is contemptible opportunism. Conceive this in the successor of Lightfoot and Westcott!

We are glad to see that Cape Colony is waking up to the fact that its fauna and even its flora is being exterminated. The noble eland has long since gone. It is dead as the dodo in Cape Colony, and will soon be so throughout South Africa. Many other wild animals are disappearing. Insatiate big game hunters have been no doubt the chief offenders in the past. There is no set-off in gain against the evil they did. As a rule they had not the desire, if the intelligence, to observe. Now, Sir Samuel Baker did take many wild beasts' lives, but he gave the world something solid in return—some of the most interesting books on wild life that have ever been written. The head and horn hunter is of no use to himself or to anybody in the world. He and the professional collector for museums in the alleged cause of science ought to be warned off Africa.

The case of the Haskell golf ball is settled at last—settled very drastically, for it appears that the patentees of the Haskell never had a valid patent at all. A rubber core was an old idea in balls, and a gutta-percha covering was as old; and there was nothing in the way an old cover was put over an old core to sustain a patent. So that the manufacture of rubber-cored balls becomes finally open. Golfers may rejoice. It would have been unfortunate if a number of excellent balls had suddenly been "closed down". Here at any rate the law has held its own well, for the Court of Appeal confirmed the Court below, and the House of Lords confirmed the Court of Appeal.

LORD CROMER'S FEARS.

MR. BALFOUR recently pointed out that a man may be a faithful husband and a devoted father and yet fail to grasp the fiscal question. Lord Cromer has in the last few days shown that a similar failing may accompany great qualities as a pioneer in the development of empire. Lord Hugh Cecil speaks for us all when he assures Lord Cromer of the respect and admiration he has won from his fellow-countrymen by his zeal for the greatness of England and his devoted service in one of the most tangled corners of the empire. But no man can master everything. Lord Cromer has concentrated the thoughts and energies of a lifetime upon a land whose problems are so peculiarly its own that it is even now neither inside nor outside the British Empire, and it would be unreasonable to expect from him an understanding also of the momentous developments which have in recent years entirely transformed the problem of empire for us in the United Kingdom and for every one of the British self-governing states. Hemmed in on every side by what he himself calls "cumbersome international institutions", hampered at every step by petty jealousies and still pettier formalities, he has rescued Egypt from barbarism. For this we owe him lasting thanks, but the experience totally unfits him for estimating the sweep of unifying tendencies in communities of Englishmen whose traditions and destinies are those of free men and empire loyalists. The forces which have given to Canada, Australia and New Zealand their national existence can make no appeal to a mind saturated with these other problems; their united plea for the family ideal in the trade as well as in the politics of the empire is meaningless to him; and the conception of full partnership in imperial citizenship is only a bad dream. Similarly the entire reversal of international industrial conditions in the last sixty years leaves him unmoved—he has lived outside it all. The problems of to-day appear to him as the problems of his early youth; the empire movement is the old and obsolete protectionism in a new guise, and to meet it nothing is needed but to bring out of the dust the "principles of Sir Robert Peel and his coadjutors of sixty years ago".

Let us examine for one moment the best that so gifted an advocate as Lord Cromer can say in defence of our present fiscal policy. An entirely fallacious parallel leads him to declare in one breath that any departure from the practice of "free imports" would involve England in disaster, increasing the wealth of the very few and impoverishing that of the many. Yet in the very next sentence he anticipates that under preference England and the empire would become so prosperous as to excite the envy of the world and drive every foreign Power to arms against us. "When once the passions which protection or preference will evoke have been let loose, . . . there will have to be more 'Dreadnoughts' and perhaps more battalions." If your enemy is taking poison and you believe the world well rid of him, you leave him to his fate. But can Lord Cromer really believe that it is our free-import system that keeps England's enemies at bay? Is not history against him? Since Sir Robert Peel and Cobden together changed the fiscal policy under which at any rate England became a great State and the centre of a great empire, we have had more external wars than any other civilised Power. "Free imports" did not prevent the Crimean war with Russia, the second war in China, the Persian expedition, the Abyssinian expedition, the Russian and French scares of the last decade, and the other wars and rumours of wars of the past sixty years. In the Free Trade era we cannot, indeed, have spent less than three hundred and fifty millions in actual warfare, to say nothing of warlike preparations. Nor do we recall that in these wars—for instance, the Boer war—our open door sufficed to win for us the sympathy of foreign nations. "Abandon your present policy," says Lord Cromer, "and you transfer all the jealousy now entertained by casual Chauvinists abroad to the counting-house of every foreign merchant and manufacturer." The virulent hostility to this country shown in the press of nearly every European Power, conspicuously in Germany and

France, was more than mere Chauvinism. We are willing to make every allowance for the false light in which the daily press of most countries puts international relations, for the prominence of a minority of bitter malignants as against the general feeling of a people; but when every allowance is made, it is impossible to doubt that Europe and the United States were deeply hostile to us throughout the South African war. It was not free trade nor anything to do with free trade that prevented actual intervention against us: it was nothing but our fleet that prevented it. Great Powers did not care to make themselves foolish by diplomatic representations which they knew they were unable to back with any effect.

Lord Cromer points to his own experience in Egypt. The Sudan, he says, became Anglo-Egyptian without a "murmur" from foreign Powers because Lord Salisbury's Convention was "hall-marked with the free-trade imprimatur"—it forbade preference to the trade of any one nation. The historian will, we fancy, be inclined to say that the Sudan became Anglo-Egyptian because England and England alone rescued it from a barbarism which was inimical to the interests of all Europe and because no other Power could or would undertake to keep it from returning to a perilous condition of chaos. Again Lord Cromer seems to think that the pistols of all Europe would have been at our head if the imperial trade policy of Mr. Chamberlain had been in force when Lord Lansdowne regularised our position in Egypt. What pistols has France had levelled at her head because she has banged against the whole world the doors of Tunis and Madagascar? Successive British Foreign Secretaries have politely passed on to the Quai d'Orsay the bitter complaints of ostracised British traders only to receive the equally polite rejoinder that if and when British statesmen have concession to offer for concession, French statesmen will be pleased to talk business. Where, again, are the records of the world's anger because the United States is shutting all but her own trade out of Cuba, the Philippines and Hawaii? And if the absolutely "exclusive" policy of France, the United States and other Powers provoke no hostility—if, indeed, it is synchronous with the oldest of political alliances—why should we anticipate trouble because of a small revenue duty on foreign imports, which far from being "exclusive" would still leave the countries making up the British Empire the best external markets of foreign nations? For Europe and for the United States, a tariff is a matter of business, and, as Mr. Bonar Law said on Tuesday, if we pretended to be actuated by any other motive they would not dislike us the less; they would only despise us the more.

The more closely one examines Lord Cromer's assumptions the more unsound they appear. He assumes that we live in the days when Colonial tariffs were dictated from Downing Street, and begs us think what enmity the British Empire must excite among foreign nations if we cease to allow them to trade freely and without tariffs in the "possessions we have acquired." Has Lord Cromer yet to learn the preferential tariffs and Empire Free Lists of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa—all of them most valued and promising markets for Germany, Austria, France and the United States? For ten years Canada has, by preferential duties, striven and striven successfully to divert her import trade from foreign to British channels, and every other self-governing State of the British Empire has followed her example with results most obviously helpful to British in competition with foreign traders. Lord Cromer finds the new Australian tariff a "very remarkable object lesson" for us; how much more remarkable its preferential schedule must make it for Germany and the United States! Germany and the United States know that their industrial supremacy depends upon access to British markets at home and in the colonies, yet are not Germany and the United States at this moment our much-coveted friends, and are not German statesmen at least eager to embrace the first opportunity of making the best terms they can with Canada, subject always to the British preference? Next week the new Franco-Canadian treaty comes before the French Chamber and the Canadian Parliament. Instead

of showing resentment because of Canada's preference for British trade, France makes valuable concessions in order to secure a place below that of the United Kingdom in the Canadian market.

Obviously the new competition of Empires must at times lead to friction just as did the old competition of nations. It is the necessary corollary of expansion. We have had more than our share of international friction under free trade, and we cannot hope entirely to avoid friction under a policy which has an imperial basis. But the Minister who has powers of commercial negotiation is in a really stronger position to avoid quarrels of every kind than is the Minister whose hands are tied and who has nothing to bargain with except the territorial concessions to which in despair British Ministers have been driven in recent years. And, above all, we would beg Lord Cromer to believe that the craven fear of being great never became the Englishman and never will.

"THE DOMINION" OF SOUTH AFRICA?

THE adjustment of political relations between groups of autonomous colonies has exercised statesmen ever since the foundation of the British Empire in the eighteenth century. The thirteen American colonies settled the matter by rebelling against King George, proclaiming their independence, and grouping their local Legislatures under a supreme Federal Congress, to which they assigned such legislative and administrative powers as seemed to concern the whole rather than any constituent part. The Canadian colonies, after much wrangling and many experiments, were allowed in 1867 to follow the example of the United States (not of course as regards independence), and to group their seven provincial Legislatures under the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa. A few years ago the five Australian colonies decided to follow the example of Canada by the creation of a Commonwealth Parliament, to which the separate colonial Legislatures parted with their most important legislative and executive functions. The four South African colonies are at this hour in that separate or isolated stage which in the case of our other colonies has preceded federation. Mr. Lionel Phillips, who is perhaps the most influential Englishman in South Africa, has written a letter, which has caused some stir, proposing, not the federation, but the union of the four colonies under one Legislature. At least, so the cabled report in the newspapers informs us, and, as it is evidently condensed, it is well to be clear on the point. We understand that Mr. Lionel Phillips advises the colonies of the Cape of Good Hope, the Transvaal, the Orange River, and Natal to follow the political example of Scotland, Ireland, and England rather than that of the United States, of Canada, and of Australia. In other words, Mr. Phillips recommends that the existing Parliaments at Cape Town, Durban, Pretoria, and Bloemfontein should be abolished, and that for them should be substituted one central Parliament, presumably at Johannesburg, which should govern the Dominion of South Africa as the Imperial Parliament at Westminster governs the United Kingdom. It is a bold proposal, which nevertheless may be the right one, and which in any case calls for careful examination. The advantages of some form of centralisation, in the case of a group of autonomous communities, are too obvious to require argument. It is sufficient to enumerate such questions as Customs duties, railway rates, currency, and self-defence to prove the necessity of common action between units of civilised government. What Mr. Phillips does is to provoke a comparison between the two forms of combination, namely, federation and union, or absorption, and to pronounce boldly in favour of the latter. Which has been the most successful, the United Kingdom or the United States? It would require a volume to answer such a question: but one or two salient points of comparison may be glanced at. As everybody knows, Scotland was united to England in 1701, and exactly a century later, in 1800, the union with Ireland was consummated. The union of Scotland with England, after sixty years of justifiable jealousy on the part of

the English, has been so successful that Scotchmen now rule the Empire, and divide with the Jews the privilege of supplying England with brains. As for Ireland, after a hundred and seven years, a section of Irishmen are still at war with the English Government, so that the success is not complete. Turning to the United States of America, after nearly a century of bitter bickering between the State Legislatures and the Federal Congress, there broke out one of the longest and bloodiest wars of modern times between the North and South. The prostration of defeat produced half a century of quiet, but in the last ten years the old question of State rights against the Federal Government has cropped up. The differences now are not between North and South, but between East and West. The quarrel between California and Washington on the subject of Japanese immigrants is not less serious because for the moment it is in the background; and no one can say how long the peace may be kept between the agricultural and mining communities of the West and the manufacturing interests of the East. The history of the Dominion of Canada is also instructive, as illustrating the struggle between two races and two religious polities. From 1791 to 1841 Upper and Lower Canada—the provinces of Ontario and Quebec—were separate entities, with an elective assembly and a nominated Executive. From 1841 to 1867 they were united under responsible government. In 1867 they were again separated, and grouped, together with five other provinces, under the present system of federation, in which the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa is supreme. Of the Australian experiment in Federation it is of course too early to say anything. On the northern continent of America therefore the Federal model has only been partially successful; while the United Kingdom has still the Irish trouble to contend with.

Which of these two systems is best suited for the four British colonies in South Africa? One remark immediately occurs to us. When the distance between the centre and the extremities is very great, the Federal Constitution becomes a physical necessity. It is possible to reach London from the remotest constituency in Scotland or Ireland within twenty-four hours. From Vancouver to Ottawa takes six days in the railway, while the journey from San Francisco to Washington takes, we believe, five days. In these conditions, a large delegation of legislative power to local assemblies is unavoidable. Is the area of the four South African colonies small enough to admit of their union under one Legislature? Mr. Lionel Phillips must be a better judge of this question than we are; and the superficial advantages of his policy are undeniable. The financial credit of the four united colonies would be better than that of any one of them. The power of defence against the blacks by a united organisation would be greater than it is at present, while the settlement of tariffs and freights would be much facilitated. But the strongest argument in favour of union is that the four Parliaments which now sit at Cape Town, Pretoria, Durban, and Bloemfontein are too small to produce efficient statesmen and to excite the control of public opinion. No first-rate man will turn for a career to a drowsy debating society of sixty members with a twopenny-halfpenny revenue; nor will an intelligent public opinion gather round its proceedings. A Dominion Parliament for South Africa with, say, two hundred members in the Lower House, and big questions to handle, would be worth belonging to, and would inevitably produce colonial statesmen of the type of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Deakin. Public opinion would become alert, and jobbery and intrigue would become more difficult than in local Legislatures.

All these recommendations of Mr. Lionel Phillips' plan we admit. Our objection to it is that the new Dominion of South Africa would be a Dutch and not a British State. In the Parliaments of the Transvaal, the Cape Colony, and the Orange River Colony, the Dutch have the majority, and that of Natal is the only British Legislature. The union of these four Parliaments would simply make the Dutch race four times as powerful as it is now. How would Natal fare in the new combination? And is there any

chance of its agreeing to come in? Liberty, equality and fraternity are words with a bad record behind them; and though we feel sure that Mr. Lionel Phillips only meant to preach peace on earth and goodwill amongst men, his choice of a motto is unhappy. Of liberty and equality we have enough and more than enough in these times; but fraternity is as sadly to seek as ever. General Botha and his friends may be sincere in their present professions of loyalty. But race is the strongest fact in history; and with a strong Dutch majority in a United South African Parliament we would not give many years' purchase for the British connexion.

LOCAL MISGOVERNMENT.

PROBABLY the first impression even of a casual reader of the recently published report of the Local Government Board will be the magnitude of the work and its close connexion with our daily round of life. The most important part of the Board's work is its general control over the administration of the Poor Law by local boards of guardians. The hopeless inefficiency and corruption which the recent East London inquiries have disclosed, and the undisguised pressure brought to bear on Mr. Burns in the allocation of "Unemployed" money, are making people seriously consider whether they are not paying too much for democratic control. In and out of London the rates have been deliberately plundered for the benefit of fraudulent individuals. Honest and decent guardians, in their endeavours to secure the proper placing of contracts, have met with every kind of difficulty which corrupt ingenuity could devise, and unfortunately too often have given up the fight in despair. It may be urged that recent exposures will make boards of guardians more careful in the future. For a time this may be so, but what is to prevent a recurrence of corruption? Corruption, even in its grossest form, has been shown abundantly possible in existing conditions, and unless those conditions be altered is morally certain to occur again. The root of the trouble is that the guardians are too local. They come chiefly from a class whose whole living is often intimately concerned with the very supplies the union requires, and thus the temptation to general log-rolling is ever present. Little notice is taken of the elections, usually less than 50 per cent. of the voters going to the poll.

There are signs, too, if one may judge from election addresses, that a candidate's chances of election are increased if he will make deliberate promises to increase the scale and widen the extent of relief. Many electors are on the verge of poverty; they pay no rates directly, and consequently are convinced that they have everything to gain and nothing to lose either by themselves or their relations sharing in the plunder.

The best hope of reform is boldly to admit that our present system is a failure, then to reconstruct it. Twenty years ago the task would have been extremely difficult, but the existence of county councils and county boroughs makes it easier. On these councils should be laid the burden of central control; on local committees, working in borough or district council areas, the work of local management. Local committees might consist of members nominated by the county and district councils with power to co-opt local residents of experience in social work on the lines of the education committees. A majority of the nominated members, in order to preserve the principle of direct popular control, should be members of either the central or the local council. The scheme might be modified as to county borough and Metropolitan borough council areas by the appointment of some of their own members to form the majority of a committee, with power to co-opt outside individuals. It may be said that local authorities have too much work already. This difficulty could be met by an increase in their numbers, while great advantage would accrue from public expenditure being directly under the control of a single popularly elected body. If some such scheme were adopted, reduction in establishment expenses would immediately follow, while the cost of food and materials obtained in large quantities by contract in the open market is bound to be reduced, and the possibility of local log-rolling

automatically goes. There is also the advantage that whatever policy of outdoor relief were adopted, it would at any rate be uniform over a much larger area than at present.

What to do with the confirmed tramp and vagrant is a pressing question. Usually loafers are more criminal than unfortunate; they have no intention of working and merely use the workhouse as a place of temporary shelter. In this respect Continental nations are far ahead of us. For some years penal colonies have been working in Belgium and Austria with great success. Is there any reason why similar colonies should not be established here? The terms of the reference to the Poor Law Commission now sitting are wide enough to include such a subject, and explicit enough, we hope, to draw some practical recommendation. An interesting part of the Report is devoted to boarded-out children. Interest was revived in the matter by the issue of a new Order two years ago. The work is done by local committees of social helpers, who make a list of suitable foster-parents and then apply preferably to distant unions for eligible children. Supervision is very difficult, and needs skill, experience and sympathy on the part of individual members of the committee. Boarding-out tends to remove all pauper taint; the children live with the foster-parents and attend the local schools, growing up among their fellows. It is satisfactory to find that the number of children so dealt with is steadily though slowly increasing, and, where records are obtainable, the after-history is on the whole surprisingly good. It is a pity that guardians cannot be persuaded to allow more of these children to be apprenticed to trades. The small immediate wages earned by errand or van boys too often tail off into casual labour when they arrive at manhood; and from the ranks of casual labour comes the great majority of paupers. The lady inspectors concerned with boarding-out are naturally enthusiastic about the possibilities of the system. They have a doubly difficult task: the children to look after, and the committees to educate in their work. We gather from the reports that a number of ladies who take up work locally need training almost as much as the people they are set over. There is a wide field for women in this work of looking after boarded-out children; and even the busiest propagandist of unsubstantial rights would to some extent fulfil a natural function if she took practical interest in the welfare of even one orphan child.

Probably there never was any period in our history when people took so much theoretical care of individual health as they do to-day. Fads and fancies in clothing and diet, systems of quacks, qualified and unqualified, public discussion of intimate medical and surgical details, all have a daily increasing vogue; and yet the milk supply of the country, the food of its children, daily pours into our big towns from sources often too filthy for description. Improvement there has been undoubtedly, but much remains to be done. In the towns inspection is much more frequent than of old, but offenders are becoming more astute and need attacking when they least expect the inspector. In the rural districts the inspectors are too much under the thumb of the local council. An over-active, and therefore from a public point of view efficient, inspector soon brings on himself the displeasure of the local big-wigs. On the other hand, were the local inspector paid by and responsible to the county council, he could do his work efficiently and thoroughly, and without fear of consequences resulting from local pressure. Local Medical Officers of Health are under similar disability. They practise in the district they watch over. Too rigid attention to details begets a name for interference, and when the day for re-appointment comes round, the more energetic the doctor has been the less chance, in most cases, will he have of retaining his post. To secure the proper carrying out of the factory laws the State has established an inspectorate which is responsible to Whitehall only and cannot be affected in any way by local influence. We see no reason why a similar system for sanitary inspection should not be adopted by county councils. Let the local areas carry out the work as at present, but place inspection in the hands of persons directly responsible to the county

council. Only in such a way can an entirely disinterested and independent report be secured. In county borough areas there is no pressing need for change; the areas are more populous and individual pressure therefore less likely.

THE CITY.

THE Bank rate remains at 7 per cent., and so long as it does there can be nothing like activity on the Stock Exchange. The Americans are so pleased that their Treasury 3 per cent. certificates have been subscribed, that on Thursday their stock market was quite buoyant. It would indeed be strange if the Government of the United States could not borrow from its own subjects at 3 per cent., and undoubtedly the cash so obtained will be lent by the Treasury to the banks. The fear of any worse catastrophe than what has happened is by no means past, for the United States cover a mighty big area, and between now and the New Year a great deal may happen. Notice has been given by the banks that they require the repayment of a great many big loans by the 1st of January; it remains to be seen whether they will be repaid. A great deal of investment in gilt-edged American railway bonds is being effected by trust companies and wealthy individuals, and in less than a year they will reap their reward. For money is bound to get cheaper next year, and bets are being laid that before May the Bank rate will be down to 3. With the Bank rate at 3 or 4 per cent., these 5 and 6 per cent. railway bonds are bound to go to a high premium. Here is an instance of what we mean. The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, quite one of the best roads in the United States, are issuing 39,027,000 Convertible Debentures at par to their own stockholders. These bonds receive 6 per cent. interest, and are repayable in 1948. They are convertible into ordinary stock at the option of the holder after 1923. These debentures are quoted by brokers at 107; but as soon as money conditions become normal, they will rise to 140 or 150. We should not advise anyone to touch the ordinary stocks of any American railway or industrial trust, as the rise on Thursday was largely due to the existence of a tolerably large bear account, and in the present state of cash dealings in Wall Street the bears are abnormally cautious, and cover on the slightest signs of daylight. Canadian Pacific rose in a few days from 143 to 149, and then dropped again. We still think that they are overvalued. For the gambler Rio Tintos are the market; the shares go up £1 one day and down £1 the next day. If anyone likes to take the trouble, quite a little revenue may be made by jobbing backwards and forwards in "Tintos"; but it is essential that your broker should watch them as a cat watches a mouse. It is no use having views about the intrinsic merits of Tintos, for no one really knows anything about copper. The only thing to do is to follow the market, up and down.

With adequate knowledge some brewery preference shares might be picked up at advantageous prices. An influential deputation of bankers and directors, representing the interests of the debenture-holders in breweries, waited upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer the other day. Mr. Stanley Boulter, who is so popular in the City, where his gentle manners and modest forbearance towards others are fully appreciated, seems to have rubbed Mr. Asquith the wrong way, for we are informed that the Chancellor of the Exchequer rebuked him sharply for trying to bully him, Mr. Asquith. How unlike Mr. Stanley Boulter to bully anybody! Mr. Asquith cannot have known who Mr. Boulter was when he rapped him over the knuckles.

There are likely to be interesting developments on the properties of the Pekin Syndicate within the next six months. Already a good seam of coal has been found in that part of the Syndicate's concession to which access has been graciously accorded by the celestial. The great point, however, is to obtain the necessary permission to work the Shansi property, which is far the richest. There is, as most people know, a dispute between the Chinese Government and Mr. Carl Meyer as to the interpretation of the concession, which is written in English and in Chinese. M. Lebaudy, the

French millionaire, who is one of the largest holders of Shansi shares, has gone out for the second time to China to try and arrange matters. Should his diplomacy succeed, Pekin ordinary shares will rise rapidly.

INSURANCE.—SOME SPECIAL POLICIES.

WE are never tired of explaining that life assurance when properly selected will meet in the most advantageous way imaginable the most diverse circumstances and requirements, and that in order to make the best use of life assurance it is necessary to select the most suitable policy.

In the ordinary way a life policy consists of two parts, one of which is the investment element and the other the protective element. Under most forms of life assurance a man who has a policy for say £1,000 pays more than is necessary to cover the risk of the sum assured being in excess of the premiums that have been paid. Part of the premium is accumulating year by year as savings and the difference between the accumulated savings and the sum assured decreases as time goes by. At first there is a very large element of protection and a very small element of savings, and after many years there is a very small element of protection and a very large element of savings. The proportion between these two parts varies with the kind of policy that is taken. Assurance effected at a high rate of premium, such as endowment assurances, or whole-life policies effected by a limited number of payments, involves only a small part of the premium being used for protection, the major part being saved. Expensive policies of this kind are admirable investments for people who can afford them, but in many cases the most pressing necessity is the provision of the largest possible amount in the event of the early death of the assured.

There are two kinds of policies which provide this insurance protection at a very low rate. One system that is especially attractive is convertible term insurance. Ordinary term insurance provides that a man pays a premium for a certain term—three, five, or seven years. If he dies within the term the sum assured is paid; if he survives the term the transaction ends, no part of the premiums paid being returned to him. This ordinary term insurance is only applicable to exceptional cases. When the term comes to an end a man must take a fresh policy if he still wants insurance, and this involves another medical examination, which he may be unable to pass. Under convertible term policies, which cost but little more than ordinary term insurance, this difficulty disappears. The policyholder has the right at any time within the agreed term, which may be twenty years, to convert his term policy into ordinary whole-life or endowment assurance without having to pass a fresh medical examination. For the new policy he has to pay the rate of premium for his age at the time of making the change, but cannot be charged an increased premium on account of impaired health. Since the rate of premium for life assurance increases with age, it is well to exercise this option of conversion as soon as possible. In the case of a man with others dependent upon him, and with no capital to leave, but who has reasonable prospects of being better off in a future not too remote, convertible term insurance offers many advantages. At a very small cost he can make substantial provision for his dependants in the event of his early death, and later, out of his larger income, can pay the premium for a relatively expensive policy of a more permanent kind.

Another kind of policy of the utmost value in certain comparatively rare cases provides for both the sum assured and the premiums to decrease year by year. Thus a man may think that his business will steadily improve and enable him, not merely to make good use of his money by employing it in his business, but will also provide adequately for his dependants if he lives for a few years, although if he died quite soon they might be left badly off. For such circumstances a suitable policy would be decreasing term insurance for say £5,000. The policy decreases each year by one-twentieth of its original amount, and the premium decreases in the same proportion. Thus in the twentieth

year the sum assured is only £250, and the premium payable is only one-twentieth of the premium paid in the first year. There is some risk in recommending a policy of this kind, since a man might form unduly optimistic estimates about his business prospects and find himself in later life with diminished insurance, and finally with no insurance at all, and with a business that had failed to realise his hopes. Still, for certain purposes it is an excellent form of policy.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

AN APPEAL TO THE BRITISH ELECTORATE.

THE present condition of Irish politics calls for the very earnest and prompt attention of the electorate of the country. Never, at all events in the recent history of Ireland, has there been so unsatisfactory and so remarkable a state of affairs.

We have it on the authority of the Chief Secretary that when he succeeded to the Government the country was in a condition of complete peace. Indeed, he himself said that "it had not been so peaceful for six hundred years". There were many of us at the time who thought that if he had been a little longer in office, he would not have committed himself to so sensational a statement. He probably now feels that, to say the least, he was premature, and that the evidence upon which he based his declaration was of a somewhat misleading character.

There is nothing to show that Great Britain has in any way changed her mind in regard to Home Rule. At the same time, there can be no doubt that the present methods of governing Ireland all lead in the direction of Home Rule. Does this country mean to acquiesce in surrendering the Union by slow stages? Is this country prepared to offer no effectual criticism when lawless acts are freely committed in Ireland and apparently no real effort is made by the Government to check them? Mr. Birrell assures us in almost tearful accents that he hates these horrible offences, and repudiates the idea that silence means any acquiescence on his part. Nobody would, I am sure, accuse him for a moment of having sympathy with crime of any kind. At the same time, he must surely be aware by now that unless the Government of Ireland not merely speak resolutely, but act resolutely, a large number of people in the South and West will believe that the authorities are in sympathy with their actions. That it should be possible for such an impression to get abroad may seem incredible to the vast majority of people on this side of the Channel, but anybody who is personally acquainted with Ireland must know how rapidly and how easily ideas spread among the people. If the Government of the day use the full power of the law to put down reprehensible conduct, it is understood that they mean to stop what is going on. If, on the other hand, half-hearted measures are taken, or language which is in any way loose or ill-considered is used, an impression is immediately created that the Government sympathise in their hearts with what is being done even though they may be compelled to make some sort of external show in order to justify their position. This is no fancy picture, and it does not in any way imply that Mr. Birrell is not opposed to offences against the law. The very idea is absurd; nobody who knows him would insult him by making such a suggestion; but it does mean that he has failed to appreciate the real difficulties of Irish Government or the peculiarities of the Irish people.

We are told that the time has not arrived when it is necessary or desirable to put the Crimes Act into force. When that time will arrive in the opinion of the Government it is difficult to say. Surely there is abundant evidence that the existing law has broken down—juries and magistrates refuse to convict even when the strongest evidence is brought before them. It is a matter of common knowledge that the cattle-raiders in the South and West laugh at the law, because they know that they can do what they like without much fear of the consequences. To arrest men and try them is of very little avail unless, when the evidence is clear, conviction and punishment follow.

We are also told that it is not worth while to prosecute Mr. Ginnell M.P. and other Nationalists, who openly preach disorder, because their speeches are of little importance, and because their prosecution would not be likely to lead to any good results. Surely this is a strange argument to be used by a distinguished lawyer. You do not cease to prosecute a man for stealing because by his prosecution an end is not made of the crime of theft. Cattle-driving is undoubtedly a form of theft: a man's property, if not taken from him permanently, is seriously injured; the cattle themselves are rendered much less valuable; fences and gates are smashed down; in other words, the usual protection of the law is not afforded to a particular kind of property. If it be right to prosecute the unfortunate men who commit these offences, surely it must be equally right to prosecute those who, better educated than they, incite them to commit these lawless deeds.

The truth of the matter is that the Irish Government are living in a "fool's paradise". They hope that they will be able to persuade the people to abandon these practices, without the use of strong measures; they still hug the belief that if they pass Education Bills, and compulsory Land Purchase Bills, the people will abandon their present practices and become peaceable. All past experience unhappily shows that these hopes are based upon the slenderest of foundations.

How widespread is the ignorance of Irish affairs is shown by references made by public speakers and by the press in this country to the condition of Ireland. Only the other day the "Westminster Gazette"—certainly one of the ablest and fairest of the Government papers—stated that there were people in Ireland who chose to exaggerate what was taking place in the hope of compelling the Government to adopt coercion. A most extraordinary suggestion this, in face of the undoubted fact that Mr. Birrell and his colleagues have been unable to challenge the accuracy of any of the statements which have been made by Unionist members, in and out of Parliament, or to refute the charges brought by them on many occasions. There may occasionally be some verbal inaccuracy due to want of that precise information which is available to the Government alone, but the statements made have been in the main correct, and have not been—indeed, could not be—refuted. It is therefore greatly to be regretted that a leading organ of public opinion should endeavour to mislead its readers by statements which cannot possibly be substantiated.

In connexion with the offence of cattle-driving something more is involved than the maintenance of the law, namely, the very existence of the most prosperous agricultural business that remains to Ireland. Even Mr. Russell, who knows the country so well, seems—to judge by the language that he uses in his speeches—to have sympathy with the movement for getting rid of the cattle and replacing them by peasants. This sounds very attractive, and when we are told that there are vast tracts of land which once were occupied by a thriving peasantry and which are now covered with cattle, and when it is stated that the object of Irishmen is to revert to the original condition of things, our sympathies may not unnaturally be evoked. But supposing this to be desirable—a question which I will examine a little later on—surely nobody can pretend that it is a reform that ought to be brought about by forcible and illegal methods. If the Government consider that, in the interests of the country, it is necessary for the cattle ranches to be occupied as small farms, surely their proper policy is to buy out both the owner and occupier on fair terms, and then use the land for distribution. All the evidence available, however, goes to show that there is plenty of land to be had for the purpose without destroying the ranches; but, in any case, as I have already pointed out, if the ranches are to be broken up it should obviously be by legislation, fair and just to all concerned, and not by allowing the present tenants to be ruined in consequence of the lawless action of the people in the district. Is it, however, in the best interests of Ireland that the ranching system should be brought to an end? The Irish cattle trade has of late years enormously improved. When I was in the neighbourhood of Norwich last summer I inquired of one of the most experienced cattle-buyers in

the East of England what he thought of the Irish cattle which came annually to Norwich Hill. He told me that they had improved enormously, that they were admirable in all respects, that they found a ready market, and that they had quite met the want caused by the loss of the Canadian stores. The cattle-raising industry—from the breeding of the animals to the fattening of them on the Meath pastures—is one of the most valuable assets that Ireland possesses. To suggest that the industry can be carried on as well by a lot of very small occupiers as it can be by men who occupy large tracts of land and have the capital necessary for the work is, in my opinion, to indulge in a dream from which there must be some day a very rude awakening. And, therefore, on all grounds, this cattle-driving practice would appear to be not merely reprehensible in itself, but dangerous to the best interests of Ireland.

But cattle-driving is not the only indication of lawlessness in the West of Ireland. We have had more than one outrage lately, the last one being probably as brutal as has ever occurred in the unhappy history of that country. A gentleman, a Roman Catholic, living on his own property and doing his best to do his duty in the district, returning from Mass on a Sunday morning with his mother, an old lady of over seventy years of age, is deliberately shot at twice, showing the intention of the miscreants to do him mortal injury; and, although a considerable crowd of people who had themselves just come from the chapel were standing by, not only was no effort made to arrest the assailants, but by their jeers and cries they showed plainly their sympathy with the criminals and the heartlessness of their feelings towards the unfortunate victims. And what was the cause of this outrage? Solely, it appears, that this gentleman occupies some grazing land belonging to a neighbouring owner.

I have no desire to continue the catalogue of outrages—this one suffices to show what is the feeling in that part of Ireland at the present moment. Surely if people in Scotland and England and Wales could once realise that this is no exaggeration, no malicious attempt to excite public opinion by false statements, but an accurate account of what has taken place only the other day, they would no longer tolerate a condition of things which is a disgrace to the name of England.

It is difficult to understand what are the objections to putting in force the Crimes Act. Lord Moncrieff, in two very able papers, showed with the utmost clearness some years ago how small are the differences between the law under the Crimes Act and the law of Scotland. It is quite evident that under the existing law it is impossible to secure protection for life and property, and if it be a reasonable and proper thing to increase the police force in various counties by proclaiming them under a Statute of William III., how can it be unreasonable or improper to use the powers of a Statute of Queen Victoria in order to secure peace? There has been much said from time to time on this side of the Channel about special juries, and the view seems to be taken that to have a special jury instead of a common jury is to be guilty of some gross act of injustice towards the people who come up for trial. Is this really so? Let anyone take the valuation of an ordinary common jury in Ireland, and they will find that they correspond closely with a coroner's jury in this country. In other words, they are taken from the poorest among the people. It does not involve any charge against the honesty or integrity of these people to say that they are not fit to try cases of the kind to which I have been referring. In the first place, there is undoubtedly among them all, in a time like the present, an impression that the offence is not a serious one in the opinion of the Government; in the second place, they are all themselves engaged in the movement for securing the land. They are all told by their natural leaders that they cannot succeed unless they indulge in this practice, and is it reasonable to expect that they would convict men who are only acting as they themselves would act if they had the opportunity? Surely there can be no great hardship in removing the cases for trial to districts where it will be possible to obtain a jury who do not share the views which I have described. It is quite true that this can be done, as it has recently been done,

by the Government under the ordinary law, but it is a much more cumbersome and laborious process; and it is difficult for anybody looking dispassionately at the facts to understand the objection to the special methods conferred upon the Government by the Criminal Law and Procedure (Ireland) Act.

The statement is not infrequently made that we, Unionists in Ireland, constantly dwell upon crime and outrage in order to justify our existence. I believe it is impossible to imagine a libel more complete or more cruel. Irish Unionists have given proof in the past of their desire to see Ireland prosperous and contented. Let it be remembered that the great bulk of the land legislation which Ireland now enjoys is the product of Unionist Governments; the Congested Districts Board—which, though no doubt it has made some mistakes, has done some excellent work for Ireland—was created by a Unionist Chief Secretary; the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction was, again, the work of a Unionist Government; the Local Government Act—which gave such complete powers to the people in regard to their local affairs—was also passed by a Unionist Government. Unionist Administrations have done more to develop railways and to improve the harbour accommodation of Ireland than has ever been done by the Liberal party; and surely these facts ought to convince any fair and impartial person that the Unionist policy is not one of hatred to Ireland.

In England, in Scotland and in Wales it is well understood by the people at large that there can be no prosperity unless there be obedience to law and protection of life and property to all. If the occurrences in the West of Ireland to which I have already referred were to take place in any other part of the United Kingdom, public opinion would make it impossible for the Government to remain inactive. Why then should a different system obtain in Ireland? We are a busy people, immersed in our own affairs, with but little time to follow what is going on in different parts of the country, and no doubt there is a tendency to shut our eyes to disagreeable facts. But is this a creditable attitude for us to assume? Ought we not rather to satisfy ourselves as to the truth or falseness of the statements made, and having done this to press upon those who are responsible for the government of the country the urgent necessity for prompt and courageous action?

Home Rule is no remedy for difficulties of this kind. It is inconceivable that any Government would be prepared to grant Home Rule to Ireland in present circumstances, but there can be no doubt that Unionists and loyalists in Ireland would be compelled to take measures to protect themselves if any attempt of the kind were made by the Imperial Government. And does this mean peace and prosperity for that country?

There must be thousands of Liberals and many supporters in Parliament of the present Government who can have no sympathy whatever with the present condition of things in Ireland. Is it too much to hope that they will drop vain talk about the horrors of coercion, and realise that the only way to make Ireland peaceable and contented is to administer the laws firmly and impartially, and while doing everything that is possible towards this end, to improve at the same time her material condition? Many appeals have been made to the electors of this country on behalf of Ireland. Is it too late to make yet one more, to ask them to realise that if the present policy continues there can only be further trouble in Ireland, and even graver difficulties for the United Kingdom? It is not a question of attacking an individual Minister, or of flinging accusations against him in connexion with his views upon crime and outrage, but it is a serious demand that the members of the Government should abandon loose and dangerous language—dangerous, because it is liable to be misunderstood by the people of the country—and set themselves seriously to the problem of restoring the country to a condition of peace.

I am convinced that if this effort be made, the Government will have the whole-hearted support of every Unionist; but, if it be not made, it becomes the duty of everybody who believes in law and order, who believes in the right of the people to have their lives and property protected, to do their utmost to convince

the public of this country that the present policy of the Irish administration is doomed to failure, if it has not indeed already failed, and means, if it be continued, much misery and suffering for the people of Ireland.

I am afraid there is a very strong desire to maintain the belief now held in some quarters that there is an alliance between the Irish Nationalists and the present majority—not perhaps an alliance offensive and defensive, but something in the nature of an understanding—which will be disturbed or completely destroyed if any real effort is made to restore law and order. Nobody who loves Ireland and has mourned for her difficulties and her sorrows could do anything but rejoice if there were to be a union between politicians on this side and politicians in Ireland; but is it possible that this can be the case so long as the alliance rests upon such insecure foundations as those which form the basis of the present, so-called, agreement? Will it not be universally admitted that before any real good can come to the country the people must learn the most important lesson of all—namely, that the laws must be obeyed or there can be no general prosperity for the country?

WALTER H. LONG.

MR. SHAW RUN TO WASTE.

FROM the newspapers I gather that between Mr. Bernard Shaw and the critics there exists what Charles Lamb would call "an imperfect sympathy". This is not surprising, for Mr. Shaw owes them nothing, and is perfectly aware of the fact. The critics are a touchy tribe, and plainly smart under Mr. Shaw's airy insouciance. Hence the consensus of opinion in the press that the play of "Cæsar and Cleopatra" is to history or Shakespeare what a pantomime is to comedy, or opéra bouffe to Meyerbeer and Mozart. I do not share this judgment, as it seems to me that Mr. Shaw is quite serious in his view that human nature is the same in all ages and in all countries; and that therefore Cæsar and Cleopatra would say and do the same things as an elderly general and a young princess would say and do to-day. Mr. Shaw may be wrong, historically, philosophically, and ethically; but he is quite entitled to a view, which is not in the least original, and out of which a good deal of capital has been made by others. With characteristic humour, Mr. Shaw gives us a long list of Greek, Latin, German, and English historians as his authorities. The only one I have read recently is Plutarch, whose account of the relations between Cæsar and Cleopatra is not quite so innocent as Mr. Shaw's; but no doubt Plutarch was a gossip. I do, however, remember enough of Aristophanes and Plato, and Cicero and Suetonius, to know that the ancients argued and joked about exactly the same things as we do. They had not the telephone; and we don't torture our domestics, at least physically. Barring these trifles, I agree with Mr. Shaw that the difference between Julius Cæsar and Cecil Rhodes, or Cicero and Mr. Balfour, is one of costume and slang. When Cæsar is offered Lesbian wine, he says "Bring me my barley-water", and the ignorant comment "What a cheap joke!" But that is just what Julius Cæsar would have said, in Latin. When the Roman decided that Ptolemy and Cleopatra should marry and reign as consorts, we may be quite sure that the priests and the rabble said the equivalent of "Egypt for the Egyptians". The pompous melody of Shakespeare is delightfully impressive, chiefly because most people don't understand half of it. Shakespeare used his stock-in-trade, just as Mr. Shaw uses his stock-in-trade. But is the one nearer to, or farther from, the truth than the other? Mr. Shaw has more learning, and a great deal more wit and humour, than Shakespeare, though he lacks the pathos of the latter. Mr. Shaw is not a poet; but I suspect that in putting modern equivalents into the mouths of his Romans he is closer to the original text than the Elizabethan, with all his rhetoric. Anyhow, I was thoroughly amused with "Cæsar and Cleopatra", the fooling of which is exquisite. And there is plenty of grain with the chaff. Cæsar's apostrophe to the Sphinx is dramatic, and sounded to my ears like very good rhetoric. The hero's description of himself as "part brute, part woman, and part god, without anything of the man in me" is a stroke not easily

forgotten. Plutarch, by the way, makes Cæsar order the killing of Pothinus. I do not know why Mr. Shaw fastened this crime on the girl-queen; it struck me as a needless, and therefore inartistic, piece of brutality.

I confess that I was prejudiced in favour of "Cæsar and Cleopatra", before the curtain rose, by the announcement in the programme that "the part of Julius Cæsar was written expressly for Mr. Forbes Robertson". I am glad to find that the greatest of our playwrights appreciates the superb gifts of the greatest actor of his age. It says little indeed for the taste of the metropolis that Mr. Forbes Robertson is allowed to earn his income in the provinces, or the United States, while crowded audiences split their sides over the clowning of Mr. Frohman's mimes for three or four hundred nights on end. It is not often that an actor combines the physical and mental qualities requisite for the highest plane of his art. Mr. Forbes Robertson has a magnificent voice, a handsome person, and a power of elocution which, so far as I know, is without a competitor on the stage. These physical gifts would be nothing without the intellect and the art to interpret the ideas of others. I have never seen a Julius Cæsar that came anywhere near Mr. Forbes Robertson's. He was dignified and winning, humorous and genially cynical. The manner in which "le vainqueur de la terre" played with the girl-queen was perfect. Miss Gertrude Elliott has never succeeded better than in her representation of the famous Egyptian beauty in her girlhood. She was playful and pretty and timid and pettish, without once falling into the odious vice of skittishness. The growing love of the maiden for the worn and wise man of the world was conveyed with subtle delicacy. Mr. Ian Robertson made a hit with his edition of a great man's private secretary, being fussy, meticulous, and devoted. Last, but by no means least, comes Master Philip Tonge as Ptolemy IV. This young gentleman is so clever an actor that I am almost afraid to think what he will be in ten or twenty years. In the meantime, he is a wholly delightful little man. The play is advertised "for four weeks only". As modesty is out of the question, I can only infer that Mr. Shaw is distrustful of a public that drinks delight from "The Earl of Pawtucket", "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Brewster's Millions". He may be right.

To Mr. Granville Barker I owe much for having given me the opportunity of seeing some very clever plays by Mr. Bernard Shaw and others. To my creditors I am, on principle, indulgent. But I cannot quite forgive Mr. Granville Barker for having buttonholed me in an exceedingly draughty spot, and bored me for three hours and a half by my watch on the education question and disestablishment. Not that I object to a political play: I am, or was, a bit of a politician myself. But I have always thought that the Church and the education of other people's children were the two most tedious topics in the whole range of politics. The serious discussion of these problems is endurable when it is real, and then only when it is conducted by people who know. A stage argument about school boards is absurd, as would be a stage lecture on wireless telegraphy. Politics on the stage ought obviously to be satirical, and to touch with the lightest hand only general principles. The discussion in "Waste" between Trebell and Cantelupe of the details of a Bill for applying the revenues of the Church to the conversion of priests into national teachers achieved the effect of being at once ludicrous and dull. The scene in which Lord Horsham summons three of his colleagues to help him in the formation of a Cabinet would, if detached from the rest of the play, have been a fair and quite amusing skit. An old dodderer, with a cockatoo tuft of white hair, a comic play of pince-nez, and a pettish inability to remember the name of his servant or to come to any decision, would have been a passable satire on Prime Ministers. But Mr. Granville Barker is in deadly earnest, and as a serious sketch Lord Horsham and his colleagues are impossible. I have never been at a Cabinet Council, I admit: but I have known two Prime Ministers, and I cannot conceive either of them solemnly debating with his colleagues whether or no he should include in his Cabinet a political lawyer whom nothing

but wilful perjury could save from an indictment for felony. Still less can I imagine the Prime Minister imploring the husband of the murdered woman in the presence of four witnesses to commit perjury in order that the political lawyer might become a Cabinet Minister. Can anybody imagine Mr. Gladstone sending for Major O'Shea and imploring him to withdraw his petition against Mr. Parnell in order to save the Liberal party? I cannot, and I really think that Mr. Granville Barker is a little unjust to our statesmen of the first class. As for the sexual horror of "Waste", I see no particular harm in it, as anyone can read the same details for a halfpenny by turning to the reports of the Central Criminal Court. But with all respect for Mr. Granville Barker, I do not regard abortion as a good subject for a modern play. Æschylus and Sophocles dealt freely in incest and parricide; but then nobody reads them (except under compulsion at school), and there is always the Chorus to say, How shocking! How sad! A great genius might handle child-murder in a great way. Mr. Barker, however, is not an Æschylus or a Sophocles, but a shrewd impresario, and a clever actor. The revolting part about "Waste" is the ruffianly behaviour of Trebell towards the woman whom he has ruined, and the inhuman manner in which everybody abuses Mrs. O'Connell for spoiling a career. As if any statesman was worth a baby! Miss Beryl Faber, Miss Henrietta Watson, and Miss Aimée de Burgh all acted extremely well.

ARTHUR A. BAUMANN.

SKILL AT BRIDGE.

A FEW weeks ago we listened to a man holding forth on the theory that the value of skill at bridge was very much overrated, and that winning or losing was merely a question of which side held the better cards.

It is needless to say that this is a theory with which we do not at all agree, but our friend was so strongly opinionated that it was quite useless to argue the point with him.

It so happened that, in the first rubber after this conversation, two consecutive hands afforded a most striking instance of the value of good and bad play. The badly played hand came first. The score was one game all and Y Z 24. Z dealt and declared hearts, holding—

Hearts—Queen, 10, 8, 5, 3
Diamonds—10, 9, 5, 3
Clubs—Ace, king, queen, 4
Spades—

His partner put down—

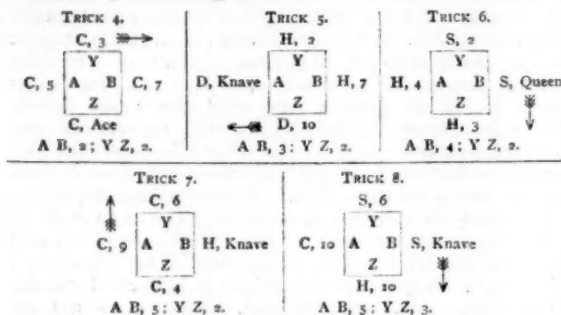
Hearts—Ace, 2
Diamonds—King, 4
Clubs—Knave, 8, 6, 3
Spades—Ace, 9, 8, 6, 2

The first three tricks were—



It was a very curious arrangement of the cards. B had eight spades originally, and he had played two diamonds, so that there were only three cards in his hand to be accounted for. We cannot, at the moment, see any possible distribution of the unknown cards by which Z could have failed to win the game if he had played it properly. Even if all the six other trumps had been in A's hand he could still have won the odd trick. It would be quite an interesting problem to set to solvers how the other cards could be arranged so that Z would lose the trick. Z however solved the problem and succeeded in losing it. To begin with his discard of a diamond at trick 3 was bad. There was only the knave in against him, marked in A's hand, so that his 10 must have become good and blocked his opponent's suit. His best discard would have been the queen of clubs,

and then he ought to have led out the ace of trumps at once from Y's hand so as to find out how the trumps lay. B could have only three trumps, and probably had either two or one, and would never be able to get in again to go on with his spades. Instead of this Z tried to make his partner's 2 of trumps by ruffing a diamond, and thereby lost the game.



A made the king and 9 of trumps, and won the odd trick and saved the game.

A's hand.
Hearts—King, 9, 6, 4
Diamonds—Knave, 8, 7, 6, 2
Clubs—10, 9, 5, 2
Spades—

B's hand.
Hearts—Knave, 7
Diamonds—Ace, queen
Clubs—7, 10, 7, 5, 4, 3
Spades—King, queen, knave,

If Z had led two rounds of trumps at once he could not have failed to win eight tricks as the cards lay.

A B were now 8 up, thanks to Z's bad play, to their opponents' 24. A dealt and left it to B, who declared No Trumps.

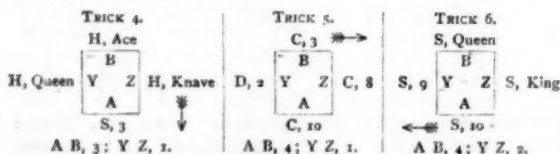
A's hand.
Hearts—7
Diamonds—Ace, 9, 6
Clubs—10, 9, 6, 2
Spades—10, 7, 5, 4, 3

B's hand.
Hearts—Ace, king, 6, 3
Diamonds—Queen
Clubs—King, queen, 5, 3
Spades—Ace, queen, 8, 2

Y led the 5 of hearts, and A's chance of winning the required two by cards looked very bad. He dare not pass the first heart for fear that Z would branch into diamonds at once and clear that suit before he had a chance of establishing his clubs or spades.



A's play at trick 3 was good. The ace and knave were both against him, and if they were in the same hand they must both make. If they were in different hands the question was which was unguarded. The player who was holding up the ace probably had two others, as it would have been bad play to hold up a singly guarded ace and to give the dealer the chance of clearing the suit by leading a small one. A took the best chance and it came off.



Trick 6 was useful. It showed A that the knave and the other spade were both in Z's hands, as Y would certainly have covered the 10 if he had held knave, 9.



A could now count Z's hand. He had two winning diamonds and the knave and another spade. Z was marked with the 10 of diamonds from his having led

the knave at trick 8; therefore A put him in by leading the 9 of diamonds, Z made the 10 and 8 of diamonds, and then had to lead up to B's tenace in spades, and A B won by cards, and the game and rubber.

Y's hand.
Hearts—Queen, 10, 8, 5, 4, 2
Diamonds—7, 5, 4, 2
Clubs—Knave, 7
Spades—9

Z's hand.
Hearts—Knave, 9
Diamonds—King, knave, 10, 8, 3
Clubs—Ace, 8, 4
Spades—King, knave, 6

This hand was well played by A throughout. He could not have played it better if he had seen all the cards. It is just as great a certainty that Z would have failed to win the game, as dealer, with this hand, as it is that A would have won the previous game with Z's cards, and yet there are people who try to argue that there is nothing in skill. These hands are not imaginary ones but are quoted, card for card, as they were played.

W. DALTON.

RECENT EVENTS IN MUSIC.

THE early concerto of Mozart, of which we have heard so much since its recent lucky disinterment, will come with a certain feeling of disappointment to those who have expected to find a new masterpiece and find no more than a light and charming early work. Its authenticity is, indeed, not a matter of absolute certainty, but there seems to be no serious reason for doubting it. It is prettily melodious and starts dancing at once, as if to add a little echo of old gaiety to actual things. The dust on it is like the dust on an old clavichord which pious hands have opened; it moves faintly, after more than a century, coming a little hesitatingly into the light. Think of the great concerto that Kreisler played at his farewell concert, and how trivial this sounds! But it is difficult, if perhaps scarcely fair, not to think also of the difference in the two renderings. Of Kreisler I need say no more than I have said already. Miss May Harrison is a young player who plays surprisingly well for her age; an accomplished pupil, but certainly not at present an artist. She plays neatly, carefully, though not so carefully as not to slur many of the notes; but her playing is not that of one who has any sign of a temperament through which alone music can be interpreted. The Mozart concerto was not a very serious test of more than that facility which she certainly has, yet the thinness of tone did not do full justice to melodies in which there was that fine daintiness which Mozart could never leave out of anything that he wrote. But the vast Brahms concerto was a test which, for the present, was final. Here was a composed, impersonal talent, which played without either energy or finesse; above all without that thrill which is the only voice by which the soul of the violin can speak. All the talent in the world, striving diligently to attain it, succeeding brilliantly in simulating it, can do nothing to make up for its lack. Mischa Elman had it, Kubelik had it, when both were very young; Kreisler, Ysaye, Sarasate, Lady Hallé, all have it in very varying degrees. If it is not there, nothing else matters.

A few days before hearing Miss May Harrison I heard Miss Myra Hess, a pianist even younger than the violinist, in the Beethoven concerto at the Queen's Hall. Here was a temperament, here was a technique which meant something. She played the music without, apparently, the quiver of a nerve, and yet the thrill was there. She had perfect ease, and could grapple with adequate strength with the real difficulties. What was perhaps most noticeable was the phrasing, which showed an instinctive and unusual sense of rhythm. The maturity, indeed, of the whole performance was almost perplexing; one could hardly call it promise; and yet one would like to hope for a much greater achievement, a development which should come with years. The foundation is there already; it only remains to build on it.

Where we must use the word promise with confidence is in regard to the still younger prodigy, Ernst Lengyel von Bagota, the pianist of fourteen, half Hungarian and half German, whom Richter introduced to the English public at his last concert, and who has

just given a concert entirely of his own at Bechstein Hall. The programme would be trying for a grown man; it was portentous for a boy. And the boy himself is in a sense portentous. Such maturity, such inspired deliberation, such technique, power, skill, speed, have never, I should imagine, been found so strangely and easily combined, in so young an executant, as in the rendering of Liszt's splendid Sonata in B minor. The Chopin nocturne which followed was meaningless, never existed at all, as it evidently did not and could not exist for one so young. Chopin can only be played when the soul of him has been captured and the touch discovered; and youth is outside the gate of that particular Paradise. But Liszt lends himself to those who can conquer him, and this boy has conquered Liszt, and was heard creating the music over again as if a grown man had pondered over it, worked out his own interpretation, and now gave it with complete beauty and energy. The thunders, under these small hands, sounded hardly credible; it seemed almost a cruel thing that so much vital force should be demanded of a child. The immense effort had, indeed, the air of being effortless; but, it is to be hoped, will not be persistently called forth for the benefit of a public only too ready to exhaust whatever young genius it can lay hands on. One can hardly use a lesser word than that, if genius can be detected in its first efforts to be born.

I have long wanted to hear some of the music of Mr. Delius, chiefly because he was one of the few English composers of whom Mr. Runciman spoke with respect. A judgment apt to be hurried into violence was rarely at fault in essentials, and I was certain that this music would be worth hearing. "Appalachia", which was lately given at one of the New Symphony Concerts under Mr. Fritz Cassirer, a capable conductor, was well worth hearing, and it was heard to great advantage side by side with an extract from Strauss' "Salomé". The Strauss music was written for effect, and for the production of effects not strictly musical. The Delius, which had none of its dazzling qualities, was written to express a series of moods, and to express them musically. It has been said that music cannot convey evil. If Strauss had wholly succeeded, this ballet music from "Salomé" would have done so. It does all that it can to be, as Wilde would have had it, a savoury morsel of horror. But the effort was too evident. One listened with a fixed curiosity, knowing from the programme that here was Salomé's hate and here her love, and wondered in vain how the one was to be distinguished from the other. Imagine that one had been able to listen to it without knowing what it was about, except that it was an Eastern dance. Would it have held the mind as pure music? would it have seemed consequent, coherent? No, we should still have listened for what it could possibly mean, why the "new instrument", the "hegelphone", which looks like an harmonium and sounds, we are told, like an oboe, should come in at one moment more than another; we should have got no satisfying pleasure from hearing a piece of music in which a dance is set to shriek and turn somersaults. There is the final test: let us think now of a piece which was played lately by Mr. Wood at one of his concerts, Beethoven's overture to "Coriolanus". I hear, as I listen to it, the voice of Coriolanus and the voice of his mother, I hear the conflict of them, I know that he dies. There is some interest in that, to know that Beethoven has done over again in his own way what Shakespeare has done in his. But it is impossible that the music should sound less lovely to someone in the audience who did not even know the title of the piece. The dance of Salomé would be incoherent and meaningless as music if we did not attach a meaning to it as a rendering of words or action.

Now the Delius, as we could almost guess if we were not told, is founded on a Southern slave-tune, a grave and sad and lamenting air, which gives its impulse and foundation to the music. Here and there voices come in, at the best, unaccompanied, as voices should be, making one of the variations by themselves; and these voices unfortunately dwindle to a solo near the end, in a tune which brings for a moment a perilous suggestion of the Christy Minstrel. But for these

otherwise legitimate uses of the voice as an instrument, the words mattering little, there was no programme to be attended to, only a mysterious atmosphere, broken through at times by a quickly subdued outburst. Suggestions of an uncouth savagery, hidden under dark woods, came and went, like something obscure and creeping; the music brooded, with some of that brooding quality which haunts us in the prose of Joseph Conrad. I would not say that Mr. Delius has a genius as profound, convincing, and impregnable as Mr. Conrad's, but he has something of his power of rendering undeveloped feeling and sensation. Here is a strange and serious art, whose sincerity is not to be denied, nor the strictly musical quality which gives it its value.

The reputation of César Franck among modern critics and musicians in France is a little difficult to understand from the specimens of his work which are given from time to time in London. A Quartet in D was lately played at Bechstein Hall by the Brussels Quartet; it was played with perfect sincerity and faithfulness by vigorous players on splendid instruments; yet it was often tedious, often empty, often merely scholastic. At times the grave religious atmosphere in which this composer seems to have lived gives a certain noble yet unrestful quality to the music, as of one brooding alone. The moment this recluse realises the world, which he does too often, emptiness replaces depth. The first movement, for instance, begins like a penitential psalm, preparing one for something really profound. But before it is over a joyless dryness takes its place, and the scherzo which follows buzzes like sullen insects shut in. A kind of rich plaintiveness comes into the larghetto, and again prepares us for what does not come. Was César Franck an "apostle" who could show one at least of the ways, the way towards seriousness, to many disciples, but who stood still at the cross-roads, not feeling any urgency towards going onwards? Herr Buhlig played some Variations Symphoniques at one of his concerts; they could not have been better played, or more clearly set before us; yet one could not but wonder why the learning of it, and the meditateness of it, were not more convincing or continuous. Grave and calculated, it took no sure hold on the sense which demands above all vitality in music.

To pass from César Franck to the Piano Quintet of Vítězslav Novák, which was given at the Æolian Hall by the Ševčík Quartet from Prague, might seem like passing from a dim French cathedral into the roaring and rattling fair outside. But with what passion and gay energy these players, and Mlle. Správka at the piano, gave us a thing which they seemed to boil over with, and which was indeed a boiling pot, from which came cries and shrieks, discords turned to a kind of wild beauty. Real, ragged folk-music it was, now and then almost a hubbub, but with the real Czech speech, crying for freedom, in every note of it. The uncouth joy, its melody that was so much more pungent than the German and so much more human than the Italian, both of which it sometimes resembled, took me out of the concert-rooms, where all the accomplishments are required and found, into Bohemian woods, where life has something of the same savagery, and a music like that of improvisation can be found. The music has in it something primitive; it is without restraint, and these players, even the lady at the piano, who set the notes dancing with the same fling of the heels as the players on strings, as they bent and laughed over them, were like the bringers of some strange alien thing, certainly an intoxication.

My fancy as to what a concert should be like was gratified the other night at the Æolian Hall, where there was almost literally a "sound of lyres and flutes" for exactly an hour and a half, the right limit for the music which one hears after dinner. It was the third of the Broadwood Concerts, and there was a programme which wandered from Mozart to Miss Ethel Smyth, and yet preserved a kind of harmony throughout. It was the instruments, partly, of the tiny orchestra, in which there was a flute, played with a rich daintiness by Mr. Fransella, a harp, a viol da gamba, which gave its Watteau air to the whole "fête galante". If only Mr. Gordon Craig had staged,

as he once dreamed of doing, that Mozart concerto for flute and harp! Was ever any lovelier music written than these bird-voices which trilled and twittered as if among visible trees, this gush of pure melody out of a new "magic flute"? It might be thought that Mozart, as his way is, would have put all the rest of the music out of countenance; but it was only Saint-Saëns who faded and shrivelled up. A gay sextet by Heinrich Hoffmann, played with smooth ease, had a lightness as of air, the flute being the bird. And the "songs for contralto, with flute, harp, string trio, triangle and tambourine" of Miss Smyth continued the enchantment down into a queer modern world, where sounds grew languorous or credibly Bacchic, with strange monotonies, little languors and ardours, breathed and tinkled out by this tiny orchestra. The songs, all their difficulties overcome, their strangeness communicated, by Mrs. Swinton, are described in the programme as "Oriental-French in treatment", an unfortunate phrase. Could anything be less Eastern than the two lovely poems of Henri de Régnier, who is a kind of French Lancelot? or indeed the fantastic Greek intoxication of the ode of Anacreon which, in Leconte de Lisle's fine prose, ended this masquerade of sounds? Something there is which could hardly have come into it without the remembrance of a tambourine heard with hands beaten monotonously and a lamenting voice. But the thing made has a wild daintiness of its own, at once thrilling and lulling, with something surprising, like the lines of a Beardsley drawing.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

A RUSSIAN FOLK-STORY.*

THERE lived an old man with his old woman, and they had three daughters, but not one of these girls was married. One day the old man went out to his barn to fetch a bag of oat grains to grind for porridge. It just chanced though that there was a hole in the bag, so that as he was carrying it to the hut all the grains came dribbling out one by one.

"Look there now," exclaimed his old woman, pointing to the empty bag. There was nothing for it; all the old chap could do was to go over the ground and pick up the scattered grains as best he could. It was getting dark, and a bit chilly. He groped along, poor old man, on his hands and knees, and did a deal of sighing and grumbling.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" he kept saying, "I do wish the Sun was out still to warm my poor old bones . . . if only I had the Moon to give me a scrap of light . . . if only a cunning Raven would come along and help me pick up these tiresome grains. Oh dear! oh dear! I'd give them each one of my daughters to wife. See if I wouldn't!"

He went on grumbling and groaning; it got darker and darker; he was slower and slower, and oh! so dreadfully cold and sleepy. But who would guess it? while he was sighing away at his work, to be sure, the red Sun did peep out and warm him cheerily, and the white Moon set to work to light him bravely, and down flew the cunning black Raven to help him kindly. Back to his hut trotted the old man mighty well pleased.

"Just you get into your Sabbath best gown," he told his eldest daughter, "and go and sit outside on the porch bench." The girl didn't know quite what to make of this, for Sunday had never yet come in the middle of the week. But still she said nothing, and did as her father bade her. And right enough the Sun blazed down and carried her off in a twinkling, and she was married without any bother, and there was the end of that.

* This is a skazka. The Russians call skazki things told, the popular tales handed down orally amongst the peasants for centuries. It is evident from the gist of many of these tales that they are relics of nature-worship. A skazka, it should be mentioned, differs from what is known as a builina, in so far that the latter is in metre, the other in prose. Neither species, skazki or builini, is as yet wholly extinct, and hundreds of them have been collected and written down, but only in comparatively recent times—within, that is, the last hundred years. It is extremely difficult to reproduce the quaint Russian vernacular in any other language, and it is only when one knows the peasantry that one can fully appreciate the undercurrent of drollery in these stories.

"Now then," says the old man to his second daughter, "it's your turn next; come along, and do like your sister."

So the second daughter stood in the porch too, and before so very long it happened, no one knew how, that she quite disappeared behind the Moon. When it came to the third girl's turn, she'd scarcely crossed the threshold into the porch when down swooped the Raven and carried her away to his tsardom. So all three daughters were settled and got rid of at last. After a while though the old man began to feel very lonesome, with only himself and his old woman in the hut.

"I think," he said, "it won't be a bad thing to look up my sons-in-law, and see what they're about."

Away he toddled and trudged then to the house of the Sun. It took a long spell of walking to get there, and he was precious tired and hungry. "Well, well, we didn't expect you, bátushka", was the Sun's greeting; "but we're very pleased to see you all the same; what will you have?" and he told his wife straight away to make some pancakes. When the paste was all mixed, the old man noticed that the Sun squatted down on the floor. His wife popped the frying-pan on his head, and there were the pancakes cooked in no time. The old man had a splendid meal, and set off home comfortable and content. But by the time he was back in his own hut he began to feel a little sinking after that long tramp in the heat, and as if really a few more pancakes wouldn't come amiss. As soon as he ordered her, his old woman mixed the flour and eggs, and was getting up a fire to do the cooking.

"Stop that now," says he, "that's not the way at all. Pop the frying-pan on my head while I sit down on the floor. That's how you cook a pancake." "Are you mad or drunk?" shouts the old woman. "Never you mind," answers the old man; "put the pan on my head, I say, and look sharp about it."

When a man starts talking to a woman that way it's not a bit of good for her to start and talk any other way, unless, of course, she wants a whacking; so on to his head goes the frying-pan, and to her bed goes the old woman with no fuss nor scrimmage. The next morning there was no more said about pancakes, but there was a rare mess of sour paste to clear away, and the old man thought it would be as well to start off and see his son-in-law, Moon. He trudged on and on, and knocked at the door at last, late at night, very dusty and moist. The Moon gave him a hearty welcome. "Come in, come in, old father-in-law; what will you take? Now just tell me." "Don't disturb yourself on my account, son-in-law, Moon. I assure you I want for nothing."

But the Moon wouldn't take nay for an answer. It was late, to be sure, but at least the old man must have a bath before he went to bed. When the bath-house was heated and ready, the old man looked inside. "It's too dark in there," he muttered, half frightened. "Now don't you be afraid, old man," answered the Moon, "You go in, there'll be plenty of light for you."

The old man couldn't say he liked the look of it, but in he went at last and shut the door. What the Moon did, let me tell you, was only to stick his finger through the keyhole and send in a moonbeam, and father-in-law enjoyed his bath, as much as ever he wanted to. He stayed a few days very pleasantly at the Moon's house, and the first evening after he got home he began telling his old woman to heat the bath. When the bath-house was ready, he ordered her into it.

"What!" said his wife, "you don't think I'm such a fool as all that, do you? I'm never going into a bath as dark as a forest, not I."

"Never you mind about that, in you go; I promise you there'll be all the light you want, and plenty to spare."

As soon as he'd driven her in, and the door was closed, pop through the keyhole went his finger.

"It's dark, it's dark; let me out; I want a light!" screamed the old woman. But she shouted till she could shout no more, and so that was what happened with the bath and the old woman too.

You can't get on quite alone in the world though. It's no good trying.

The old man felt more lonesome than ever now, till he all of a sudden remembered he'd never yet seen his third son-in-law with his little wife. Off he started

again. It was long after sunset when he came to the Raven's tsardom, and the Raven and his wife were cosy for the night. But the Raven was quite agreeable and pleasant all the same when he let him in, and saw that it was his old father-in-law.

"I want nothing really to night," said the old man, "nothing but a rest till morning, and then we can have a snack and a crack."

"Well, then, if you won't take bite or sup," said son-in-law Raven, "you'd better climb up and sleep on the perch, there's room for all of us. Get the ladder down below there."

The old man wasn't long finding the ladder, and up he clambered. When he'd fixed himself on the perch, the Raven croodled him under his wing to keep him snug and warm. The old man had surely never slept that way before, and as soon as he began to nod and snore, what should he do, the old stupid, but come tumbling down, and as dead as a log too. The Raven buried him next day. It was a good thing he had his shiny black clothes for the funeral, or it might have been awkward.

[This nursery-tale, as it may almost be called, shows that Russian peasant-dwellings usually contain a bath-house. In free and enlightened England, as against autocracy and bureaucracy ridden Russia, do most working-class houses contain a bath-room?—ED. S.R.]

BIRDS OF THE FIELD—II.

NO conduct can be more absurd according to the logic of the study than that which, if one will only watch her, may be observed in the hen of the little Kentish plover when courted by two or more males. How, in these circumstances, she ought to behave we all know. She is "passive", therefore she should either sit still or act with no regard to the matter in hand. She is "indifferent", therefore she should show no interest. She is without the passion, the "ardour" of the male, so cannot have that jealousy or any of that martial spirit which is proper to him. She is the little tame, quiet, uninteresting, imbecile, almost inorganic hen which the museum-naturalist has brought himself to believe in, because to prove her otherwise during the cold days of early spring is neither enjoyable nor is any the smallest official salary attached to such comfortless observation. Far from this, silence or slighting reference is and has long been its meed, and should a paper or article—still more a book—having no other credentials, appear, it is only by courtesy (not quite "of the right breed") that it can be allowed scientific. The following observations, therefore, let it be understood, are of as little value as they are interesting and unorthodox. For, with the whole landscape before her, and no maternal ties to bind her down, our hen plover yet keeps in that particular part of it where the claimants for her hand are disputing, and with something else presumably that even she might do, she yet follows their movements, not only with her eyes and attention but also—from which indeed this other is principally to be inferred—with her whole person, so that where they stay, there she remains, and to what part soever they may remove themselves, thither also does she attend them. Nor is she always satisfied with being a spectator of the broil, but may even upon occasions—and they are by no means infrequent ones—take a part in it. This she does by running up quickly to where the encounter is proceeding, and then flying, as it were in little spurts of enthusiasm, to one or another of the combatants. So quick are the motions and so often do the three birds change places with one another that one cannot be certain whether both or only one of the rivals is approached by the hen in this manner, nor is it easy—however this may be—to say if her conduct betokens hostility or a desire to give support and encouragement. But that it springs from a vivid and intelligent interest in what is going on is a conclusion which seems equally necessary to account for either the one or the other of these impulses, and so strongly is this impression conveyed to the mind of the onlooker that nothing short of book-eyes—a common form of malady nowadays—or a

lifetime spent amongst glass cases and stuffed specimens can be conceived of as sufficient to weaken its force. Having thus shown her indifference about a matter which so intimately concerns her, our hen-bird retires to a short distance, or rather to a more moderate proximity; and since courtships of this description last a very long time, and hunger is an even more powerful factor in existence than love itself, it is not very wonderful if for the next twenty minutes or so she should develop a little apathy of a similar kind in this other direction. It is now, if at all, that the convinced opponent of sexual selection arrives on the scene, and catching sight of two male birds fighting for a female who "all the time feeds quietly about without appearing to notice them" concludes, after two minutes' patient observation, that he was right in his previous conclusion. Half an hour more, perhaps—but really that is a good deal—of cold and discomfort might, with a little receptivity, have led him to form an opposite opinion, for in about this space of time a third male makes his appearance. First observed when at some distance, he is coming up in a direct line, pausing at intervals, and seeming to fix his eye upon the deeds of the arena, though possibly it may be rather towards the female that his glance is directed. It is, however, as with the intention of joining in the contest that he finally, after a somewhat longer pause upon its outskirts, enters the disturbed area; but from that moment, and before he can actually do so, he is attacked and instantly driven from the lists by the infuriated hen-bird. As to the latter, the nature of the feelings by which she is now governed is no longer matter of doubt, and since her onslaught is delivered flying, in just the same manner as previously, it seems likely that in this case also one or both, but more probably one only, of the two rival males was the object of her animosity. If so, however, the degree of it was manifestly less, for whilst she hardly seemed serious in these little ebullitions—which moreover were not very seriously taken—the spirit which now burns in her is of a different complexion, and produces commensurate effects. Prevented from taking any part in a combat which becomes him, and driven, in this ignominious manner, from its immediate neighbourhood, the intruding male is not even then allowed to rest, but speedily becomes the object of a series of vigorous and quickly repeated further attacks on the part of the martial hen-bird, before which he recedes to a greater and greater distance, and is finally chased quite away. Having thus settled matters to her satisfaction our Bellona returns to the lists where, or in the immediate neighbourhood of which, she continues for some time longer to play the part which evidently appertains to her, and which may fairly be taken as representative of the species to which she belongs. She follows her two knights about over the shifting sands of their tourney-ground, keeping sometimes close to them, sometimes at a little distance, whilst sometimes she makes a third in the combat, in the manner already described. Conduct like this appears to me to offer proof as incontrovertible that she is both interested in what is going forward and alive to its significance as if she were to keep a private diary, and confess in it that she were. That in spite of all this she should sometimes, and that for not inconsiderable spaces of time, appear to be indifferent, is nothing to the point, seeing that the same would have to be recorded of the most susceptible woman were she courted, or rather contended for, in the same lengthy manner. A duel that may be deadly and is not likely to last very long would be, no doubt, a thrilling matter for the fair who watched it, even for the whole of ten minutes. But were duels of this nature fought all through a day, and were death or serious injury unknown factors in them, no question but that dining and shopping would take place during their continuance, and who would say, therefore, that the lady was indifferent? She might both shop and eat, and yet sigh for someone to win.

As to this, indeed, we cannot reason negatively in regard to a bird's feelings—any more than our own—but only affirmatively. For instance, when a hen-bird feeds whilst males are fighting on her account, we can only conclude that she is interested in feeding, though we have nothing to assure us that something else is not,

at the same time, running in her head. Similarly when she follows two fighting males about, joins in the fray and furiously attacks and drives away a third who would do the same, let us guard ourselves, by all means, against assuming that she is not even then thinking of and, to a certain if only secondary degree, interested in either her dinner or something else equally foreign to what is proceeding; but we can only be sure that she *is* thinking of and *is* interested in those very males and the combat in which they are engaged. A good deal of very severe reasoning has been brought to bear against the theory of sexual selection. We must be equally rigid in its favour.

Why should the hen-bird, both here and in the case of the wild ducks, have been so embittered against the third male? Possibly, owing to the single combat being, by the nature of things, more common than the *mêlée*, a sense of impropriety has come to attach to a third combatant—and through this to a third suitor—in the minds of female birds in general, though in certain species, owing to special developments, this law is overruled.

EDMUND SELOUS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TEST OF UNIONIST LOYALTY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

41 Eaton Square S.W. 25 November 1907.

SIR,—In your leading article of Saturday last, while criticising my letter on Unionist loyalty, you say: "Any Unionist who voted against the (Unionist) Government or did not vote for it on a critical tariff division would come within our definition of disloyalty." But surely we are entitled to assume from the public utterances of Lord Hugh Cecil, taking him again as the classical case, that he would vote against his party on Tariff Reform? If his speeches do not mean that they mean nothing at all. That being so, it is but the barest prudence for the party to assure itself beforehand as to the attitude of each would-be candidate towards Tariff Reform. To acquiesce in the adoption of a Free Trader as a candidate without securing a pledge from him that he will not throw the party over at a critical juncture, to content ourselves with the expression of pious hopes in a matter of this supreme importance, would simply be to display the same sort of magnanimity which Liberal Governments past and present have shown to the Boers. By all means let us open our hearts to the dissentients, but do not let us at the same time shut our eyes.

Your obedient servant,

HENRY LYGON.

[We expressly said that every Unionist candidate may reasonably be required to give a pledge to do everything in his power to put and keep a Unionist Ministry in office. Neither Lord Hugh Cecil nor any other free-trade Unionist could give this pledge if he meant to vote against the Unionist Government on a tariff or any other division where defeat would necessitate the Ministry resigning. If his fiscal conscience would not allow him giving this pledge, he must stand as an independent. The test is not the attitude to tariff reform, but the attitude to the preservation of a Unionist Ministry.—ED. S.R.]

PITT AND THE BLUES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

All Souls College, Oxford, 26 November.

SIR,—Your reviewer of Dr. von Ruville's "Life of Chatham" (Eng. Trs.) rightly takes the author to task for asserting that Lord Cobham in 1731-2 was commander of "The Royal Horse Life Guards" and that Pitt received his first commission as cornet in that regiment; but his criticism rests on the erroneous assumption that "Cobham's Horse" to which Pitt was commissioned was the regiment familiarly known as

"The Blues"—an error shared in by recent biographers of Pitt, e.g. the "Dictionary of National Biography", Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. W. E. Green, and by most of our English history text-books. But as Mr. Fortescue pointed out explicitly in 1899, Cobham commanded "The Second Horse" or "Cobham's Horse", which in 1746 became "The First or King's Dragoon Guards". It was in this regiment that Pitt was cornet and not in "The Blues", the official designation of which seems to have been "The Royal Horse Guards" (Fortescue, "History of the British Army", vol. ii. pp. 20, 54, and Appendix A).

I am, your obedient servant,

C. GRANT ROBERTSON.

THE EXPECTED LICENSING BILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 Queen's Road, Wimbledon, S.W.,

25 November, 1907.

SIR,—Anent my letter appearing in Saturday's issue (23 November) I would like to point out how large "the trade" looms upon the horizon of the revenue. I fear very, very few of the so-called Temperance party, in their zeal for the "teetotalisation" of the nation, ever give it a thought that close upon £40,000,000 sterling in taxation are derived annually from the consumption of wines, spirits, and beer, and that if it were possible for the teachings of the United Kingdom Alliance to be universally adopted to-morrow, there would be a hiatus in the national income of that sum.

The proposition is, of course, absurd, but supposing that by a freak of Nature all ceased to take alcohol in any form from 1 January next, from what source could the Chancellor obtain the missing £40,000,000 to adjust his Budget a year hence? Let us take another proposition equally absurd: suppose the propaganda of the teetotalers received such a measure of success amongst the people that £20,000,000 were in consequence lost to the Exchequer, what in this case would the Chancellor do to put his Budget straight? Let it not be thought, Sir, for one moment that I am advocating the consumption of alcoholic drink as a source of revenue, but when the normal consumption of these articles does no harm to the individual—in ninety-five out of a hundred cases the consumption is actually attended with positive good—and provides the State with a perfectly legitimate source of revenue, I do think it is the duty of our teetotal friends to pause in their intemperate crusade against an industry in which so many millions sterling are invested, and in which some two millions of people are earning their daily bread! To harass, then, this perfectly lawful trade, at the bidding of intemperate teetotal advocates, to gratify their unreasoning dislike of alcoholic drinks, I submit, with much respect to the United Kingdom Alliance, is neither wise, just, nor logical.

I would submit the following to the Government with much respect:

1st. There are some £200,000,000 sterling invested in this industry!

2nd. Two millions of people derive their living from it.

3rd. Many thousands of the general public derive their income in part or in whole from investments in this business; and if from any ill-considered or totally unnecessary legislation these securities are abnormally depreciated, a very great responsibility rests with the perpetrators of so great an economic blunder, especially when this legislation lacks a basis of reason and justice.

4th. From what source do the Government expect to supply any shortage in the revenue due to the propaganda of the Temperance (sic) party?

5th. Are the Temperance party prepared to supply any shortage in the revenue owing to their intemperate action? If not, will they consider the expediency of stopping their illogical and unjust agitation, confining themselves to an alternative propaganda of education as a means of reforming the drunkard?

6th. Is it true that temperance in all things, not alone in the consumption of alcoholic liquors, is largely a question of temperament and education, and that its practice in the individual is not to be induced by tyranny, coercion, or injustice?

7th. If No. 6 be true, will the United Kingdom Alliance and friends adopt it as the basis of their new propaganda in fighting the curse of drunkenness?

Sincerely yours,

H. R. GAWEN GOGAY.

THE BISHOP OF NEWCASTLE AND HIS CLERGY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Strand, London, W.C., 27 November, 1907.

SIR,—Bishop Straton has resolved to take the Ridsdale Judgment as the law. Can even he say that he believes that it was just? He interposed a lawyer between himself as bishop and a priest of his diocese. Could he stand up in his cathedral pulpit and assure his clergy of his personal belief that the Ornaments Rubric does not order the eucharistic vestments?

Till he faces that question he is only beating the air.

Yours faithfully,

AN UNKNOWN LAYMAN.

THE BONCOMPAGNI MANUSCRIPT.

A Monsieur l'Editeur de la SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chantegrillet, près Crest (Drôme),
24 novembre 1907.

MONSIEUR,—Je vous remercie de m'avoir fait tenir votre numéro du 16 novembre. Vous dites que vous serez très heureux si je puis répondre clairement sur les questions que vous me posez. Vous le dites et je vous en crois, mais je puis bien vous assurer que sans cette indication on penserait que le sentiment qui vous fait agir est loin d'être de la sympathie.

Mes relations avec le Dr. Rosedale se sont bornées à mettre à son service tout ce que j'ai d'instruments de travail. J'ai fait avec lui exactement ce que j'ai fait ces derniers temps pour le Dr. Schnürer prof. à l'Université catholique de Fribourg ou pour M. Fierens élève de l'Université catholique de Louvain, ou M. Léon de Kerval le savant éditeur de la légende Antonienne. Mes livres, notes, copies, documents ou manuscrits sont au service de quiconque en a besoin, et jamais l'idée ne m'est venue de m'informer à l'avance des projets de ceux auxquels je prête ce que j'ai.

J'encourage de mon mieux quiconque entre dans le champ des études franciscaines, persuadé que la vérité historique finira toujours par avoir raison.

Je croyais vous avoir dit tout cela, il y a déjà longtemps, mon excuse de l'avoir répété est le renouvellement de vos questions.

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur, l'expression de ma considération la plus distinguée.

PAUL SABATIER.

[We shall return to this letter later.—ED. S.R.]

THE ROME MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14 November, 1907.

SIR,—It is a singular fact that the recent municipal elections in Rome have been described in the London papers, almost without exception, as "Liberal"—whereas in reality the Liberals (properly so called), the Moderates, the Monarchists, and the Catholics abstained from voting last Sunday at these elections to such an extent that out of 42,000 electors only 17,000 voted. This abstention, which may seem strange to those who are unacquainted with the peculiarities of Italian politics, was agreed upon beforehand by the three great parties

of order—those mentioned above—for the simple reason that they wished that the anti-clericals might indeed gain office and thus, having plenty of rope, might hang themselves. In other words, the Catholics and Monarchists allowed the anti-clericals to get into power so that, when the latter became the municipal administrators of Rome, they might act as they chose, their opponents hoping that the result of their term of office would be to disgust the saner portion of the Roman population for ever with anti-clericalism—there is, in fact, every reason to think that such will be the case. Some idea of the sort of men who have been elected to preside over the local government of the Eternal City may be formed when we consider that amongst them figures Signor Podrecca, the editor of the "Asino", that notoriously blasphemous and obscene paper which is simply a disgrace to journalism and to Italy. I send you a copy of its latest issue, that you may judge what manner of man its editor must be.

A little careful reading of the text of this abominable "rag" would soon convince your readers that it is as much directed against the King as against the Pope. Its horrible caricatures of Pius X. are, it should be remembered, in direct opposition to the text of the Law of Guarantees, the declaration, solemnly undertaken by Italy in the face of all Europe, to protect the person of the Pope from being caricatured, precisely as the King is protected. Last year the English-speaking residents in Rome sent a petition to the Italian Government, protesting against the scandal of this horrible publication being stuck up in the kiosks and the newspaper shops of the Italian capital; but no attention was paid to it. The result is that already the season in Rome, I learn from several correspondents, will be the worst on record; scarcely a person has yet appeared in any one of the leading hotels, although near the middle of November, and it is pretty generally understood that Rome will this year be "boycotted" by its usual visitors. This is not to be wondered at, as people do not want to go there to have their heads broken—as a consequence of the "hooliganism" inculcated by the "Asino" and its brethren—or to be blown up in a church during their attendance at one of those picturesque functions which have in the past proved so great an attraction to Rome. The absence of pilgrims and of strangers of all kinds will bring about a very bad season financially there; and unfortunately this will fall heavily on a large number of hard-working people who are no doubt absolutely innocent of sympathy with the outrageous declarations of the party now in power. The reign of the anti-clericals in Rome and all over Italy is not likely to be of long duration, but it is as well that intending visitors to Rome should be made aware in time that the season in the Eternal City is pretty sure to be an empty one, if it does not witness some extremely disagreeable riots and unpleasant scenes.

I may add that the new municipal body has already issued its programme, which aims at suppressing the wearing of ecclesiastical costumes in the streets, the closing of all public institutions under religious orders, and the abolition of religious teaching in all schools and colleges.

It may be well that your readers should be made aware that the Americans, more mindful of public decorum than we are, have, according to latest advices, ordered the sequestration of the "Asino" in many leading cities. Passing through Soho a few days back with a well-known Anglican clergyman, that gentleman called my attention to the scandal that this paper was allowed to be exhibited in the foreign newspaper shops and sold even to little children attracted by its gaudy "gays". A raid on these shops would be very useful just now, for the "Asino" is not the only foul sheet sold there. A list of the titles of the French and Italian novels and caricature sheets which our complacent police permits to be publicly sold in this quarter of the town, and even in some of our leading hotel and restaurant kiosks and foreign libraries, would amaze people who are not in the least degree squeamish. But probably of the whole lot the "Asino" is the worst.

Yours truly,

TRAVELLER.

REVIEWS.

COKE OF NORFOLK.

"Coke of Norfolk and His Friends." *The Life of Thomas William Coke, first Earl of Leicester of Holkham.* By A. M. W. Stirling. London: Lane. 32s. net.

SIXTY-FIVE years ago, when the first Earl of Leicester of Holkham died, there was a great show of public grief. Between Longford in Derbyshire and the bleak north Norfolk coast the bells of many churches were tolled as day after day the funeral procession passed from town to town and village to village. As the border of Norfolk was approached, crowds began to line the roadsides, and during the last stage of the journey hundreds of personal friends of the Earl joined in the procession. In the fields and in every other available space carts and farm wagons were drawn up, filled with country folk, many of whom had camped out in the fields all night; "for miles the country was one moving mass of people, through whose midst the funeral at times wound its way with difficulty". It had been the wish of the relatives of the Earl that the ceremony should be private; but the people among whom "Coke of Norfolk" had spent a long life, and by whom he had been loved as a friend and esteemed as the best of squires, would not have it so; in the only way possible they must show their affection for the friend they had lost. It has been said that when Washington Irving wrote of the patriarchal character of the relationship between landlord and tenant, squire and peasant, in England, he described a state of things belonging to a generation earlier than his own; but no one can read the *Life of Coke of Norfolk* and not realise that all which was good in the feudal bond survived in Norfolk until the middle of the last century.

In Thomas William Coke our national character, as we ourselves understand it, was well shown. His biographer recognises in him the ruling characteristics of his famous ancestor, the Lord Chief Justice, and in many ways the two men were alike; but while Sir Edward Coke was thoroughly at home in politics, his descendant, although one of the foremost figures in the Whig party of his day, always had a strong distaste for the Parliamentary life, preferring to manage a large estate, and finding his greatest pleasure in farming and sport. As a schoolboy he received the rudiments of his education in a village school, where he sat side by side with the lads who were to be his tenants in after years; and later in life he declared that "he would as soon meet a party of his yeomen as any men in the world". The ruling passion of his boyhood was a love of sport; his earliest memories were of seeing a fox killed in front of his father's house in Hanover Square and of going snipe-shooting in what is now Berkeley Square. When he became master of Holkham, and by untiring industry and extraordinary enterprise and ability had transformed its barren wastes into one of the most fruitful districts in England, the days he spent with his hounds, in his coverts, and in the salt marshes were the days that made life for him worth living. Addressing his constituents at one of the famous sheep-shearing gatherings at Holkham, he said: "I love the country, and I love liberty, and I am always impatient to get home! I suffer I know not what, cooped up within the pestiferous walls of that House which should be purified by virtue and patriotism. . . . So glad am I to get home that in three days I am as well as ever, and I could wish that each day was as long as two." When, at two-and-twenty, he came into Holkham Hall, the magnificent house built by Thomas Earl of Leicester, he was one of the handsomest men of his time; he had lately returned from the "grand tour" with the reputation of having captivated the young Queen of the Pretender Charles Edward; and, with wealth at his command, it might have been imagined that the simple life of a country gentleman would have little charm for him; but, although he at once consented to represent Norfolk in Parliament, he soon made it plain that, in spite of his want of knowledge of practical farming, he meant

to make barren Holkham what it became, an object-lesson in successful farming for the whole world.

How this was done is told by Mrs. Stirling in several chapters of her two bulky volumes, and those chapters, together with her account of Coke's home life in Norfolk, are the best part of her book. For although she deals fully with Coke as a politician of a somewhat truculent type, and the names of Fox and Pitt, Roger Wilbraham, Dr. Parr (whose letters to Coke are very good reading), and the Duke of Sussex are frequently turning up, they belong to a portion of his life-work for which he had little zest or aptitude, though his vehement Whiggism, natural doggedness, and bitter hatred of the Tories made him a prominent party man. In his day he was looked upon as "the chief of the country gentlemen of England", and, although his biographer has done her best to convince us that he was also a statesman, she has failed to do so, though she appears to have ransacked the archives of Holkham for every scrap of evidence in support of her claim that the letters of his admirers could supply. Her whole-hearted admiration for her distinguished ancestor has made it impossible for her to conceive that he was not in every way great, and so deep is her own interest in him that she imagines everything connected with him, no matter how remotely, must be of general interest. So she has made two big volumes of a subject that could very well have been dealt with in one, and she has not even spared us the information that when Miss Coke was married she was taken to the church by her father and left it with her husband. Nor does it seem to have occurred to her that the oleaginous flattery ladled out to Coke by almost every acquaintance who enjoyed his lavish hospitality is not the best testimony to worth and greatness.

Still, he was a worthy and a great man, and as the "Life" of Coke written by his contemporary, Mr. Thomas Keppel, appears to be irretrievably lost, and with it most of Coke's own letters, we must feel grateful to Mrs. Stirling for doing her best to repair the loss. In her attempt to present Coke of Norfolk as the "fine old English gentleman" that he was she is entirely successful. While we are with him at Holkham he wins both our admiration and our regard. His life has been described, by a writer whom Mrs. Stirling wrongly identifies with Mr. Joseph Pennell, as "an agricultural romance"; and from the day when he first sets foot on Holkham soil until the night when, a patriarch of eighty-seven, he totters into the auditorium to bid farewell to his farmers, who take leave of him with tears running down their cheeks, the spell of that romance is upon us. Dr. Parr, when he heard it suggested that Coke should be raised to the peerage, exclaimed "*Raised to the peerage!* Sir, Coke of Norfolk is a far greater title than any that monarchy can bestow"; and it is as Coke of Norfolk that he is remembered to-day. The book is very finely illustrated with many portraits of Coke and his friends.

A WIT BY A WIT'S DESCENDANT.

"Thomas Hood: His Life and Times." By Walter Jerrold. London: Alston Rivers. 1907. 16s. net.

THE cult of Lamb has been a little overdone of late. Lamb has been found so intensely that one sometimes wishes he were lost again. It is annoying for people who have quietly read and appreciated an author from childhood suddenly to have the exquisite wit and beauties of that author discovered for them in every print, as though their previous experience did not count. Yet, if we protest a little against the gentlemen who are now perpetually serving up Lamb as a novelty, glorious we have felt him to be since first we came on his essays in an edition by Moxon.

If Lamb took a poet seriously, all the world can safely take him so. Add Coleridge's opinion to Lamb's, and the thing is beyond cavil. Thomas Hood's work was taken seriously by both these men. Coleridge insisted that one of Hood's books, "*The Odes and Addresses to Great People*", was written by

Lamb. This fact, which we do not remember lighting on in the correspondence of Coleridge or Lamb, is given by Mr. Jerrold in his new book of Hood. It is pleasant to find a Jerrold writing a book on Hood. Mr. Jerrold moreover has done his work in a thorough and conscientious way. He has spared no pains to sift all the available material, and has probably written the best account of Hood there is. We demur, however, to the idea—not particularly Mr. Jerrold's, but one generally accepted to-day—that a man's life is written when all the facts about his education, family, employments, abodes—or places of "residence", as the disgusting phrase goes—dates of birth, death, and so forth are well arranged. These things have very little to do with the true life of a man. Facts of this sort are often quite outside his life. If it were otherwise, life would be an extremely bald and obvious thing. If that is life, then it is English history to say that William the Conqueror reigned from 1066 to 1087, that Henry VIII. had six or eight wives—one always forgets the exact number—and that Stephen or Henry I. died from eating lampreys too freely. But we recognise to-day—if dimly—that these facts are not part of English history; and some day perhaps we shall recognise that the life of a man consists of his inner thought, emotion, character—is of his soul. On the other hand, many interesting and valuable books have been and can be made up of the circumstances around and more or less outside the personality and his acts. The "Life of George Stephenson" is a case in point. It is not a life in the full and true sense, but it is an account of entertainment and of value; it groups and comments on many very interesting incidents, in the midst of which and bound up with which a great man lived. Many people will likewise find Mr. Jerrold's book on Hood and the circle of friends and workers in which he moved entertaining and informing. He has made a good use of his time and gift of research. Much of Mr. Jerrold's book deals, necessarily, with Hood the humorist. But he has a chapter on Hood's serious poetical work; and we think it is by this, and this only, that Hood can live as classic English. He may go down to fame as a comic writer—but people will read less and less his comedy. His wit belongs largely to an epoch. The laugh must die out; even now the smile is somewhat faint. But there are a few serious poems of Hood which belong not to a decade or half-century but to time. They are only a few, and we do not think they will include Hood's more ambitious "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies", though Mr. Jerrold praises this poem warmly. The Hood that will last can be put into a few pages, but these few rare and strong and true. The best, of course, is "We watched her breathing through the night". Hood surpassed himself in that; perhaps by it he surpassed the best of some quite considerable poets. And there are two or three other things of his that have a sure place in the literature that lasts. "The Bridge of Sighs" is unforgettable. Its title may verge on sentiment, but the very stuff of humanity is in the thing. No second-rate man did that. With excellent Bernard Barton—who judged poetry better than he made it—we have an affection, too, for the artless "I remember":

"My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could scarcely cool
The fever on my brow."

FLOUNDERINGS IN CRITICISM.

"The Later Nineteenth Century." By George Saintsbury. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1907. 5s. net.

WHATEVER merit of accumulated information or of literary facility may balance Professor Saintsbury's defects in other departments or periods of criticism, he has certainly shown himself incompetent, beyond redemption, in dealing with later nineteenth-century literature. The profession of this, as of other volumes of the series, is "to supply something like an atlas or dictionary of the subject, aiming rather at the

connexion and ensemble of the atlas than at the scrappiness and broken lights of the dictionary". This is exactly what the book fails to do—for a simple reason. Professor Saintsbury is a "literary" man, and nothing more. It is true he has the pose and style of a warrior, but most of his blows are wasted on the air, because he has no single standpoint from which to deliver them. He is lavish of vehement opinions, but gives no evidence whatever of a common philosophy to which these opinions may be referred. In the present volume, naturally, the flaw is peculiarly apparent.

The remarkable, and in many ways revolutionary, processes in thought and in society which have produced modern writers are not yet classified and labelled for the convenience of every schoolboy. To estimate and correlate the positions in literature of men like Ibsen, Tolstoi, Nietzsche, Zola, and D'Annunzio is a feat which every critic who attempts it must perform on his own responsibility. There is no authority to help him. If, like Professor Saintsbury, the critic lacks the intellectual calibre which so original a task requires, he had far better keep his hands off the subject. "Literary" criticism in the narrow sense may be well enough, up to a point, when it is applied to authors of past ages—authors whose historical and philosophical pigeon-holes, so to speak, are more or less determined. It becomes not only futile, but ridiculous, when it is applied to writers of strictly contemporary importance by a critic whose mind is impervious to fluid contemporary ideas. Beauty of phraseology, for instance, is the point which attracts Professor Saintsbury in the writings of Nietzsche. We hold no brief for Nietzsche, but criticism of this order appears to us extremely like an approval of Wordsworth for his knowledge of the Lake District, or of Domesday Book for its prose rhythm. In fact, Professor Saintsbury is dimly aware of his own critical futility. He is aware that all the important "modern" writers are annoyingly elusive of such treatment. They refuse to come and be catalogued by the academic mind. He is also aware that the modern writers have something in common. What this something is he does not understand in the least, but he must find a generic name for it if only on the principle of the tyrant who wished all his subjects had one neck in order that he might decapitate the lot of them at one blow. "Topsy-turveying"—or, more strikingly, "topsy-turification"—is the brilliant formula he devises to cover all distinctively modern thought. "It is this determination to be 'different'—this topsy-turveying of accepted doctrines and positions—which really underlies most of late nineteenth-century thinking and writing." This, as a philosophical and constructive explanation of the modern movement in European thought and art by a professor of literature in 1907 is, we should suppose, unique. No mediæval schoolman, we are sure, produced anything more ingenious.

So negative and muddled is Professor Saintsbury's mind on this subject that he does not even denounce consistently. Ibsen's "topsy-turveyism" annoys him (he thinks, by the bye, that there is still in existence a number of people called Ibsenites), so he disparages Ibsen's merit if only as a writer. Pater's merit as a writer he appreciates, but is profoundly unconscious that Pater's real importance consists in a "topsy-turveying" no whit less conspicuous than Ibsen's. We could produce, if it were worth while, a dozen examples of this incoherence. We content ourselves with quoting one passage to show how far Professor Saintsbury's methods are adequate, at the present day, to deal with the artistic expression of interesting and significant personalities. R. L. Stevenson, he says, "relied on two things—the adoption of a very elaborate style, and that of a very simple—a quite fairy tale or 'boy's book'—variety of adventure. How much of the singular charm with which he treated the latter depends on the former is no question for this book to do more than pose. But the spell shows no sign of being worked out; which thing, like others, is an allegory." That is all. As a specimen of what passes for literary history in this volume nothing could be more typical than that paragraph, and the cryptic silliness of its concluding sentence affords a not unfair measure of the literary style.

SCOTTISH ECCLESIASTICAL SEALS.

"History of Scottish Seals." Vol. II. By Walter de Grey Birch LL.D., F.S.A. Stirling: Eneas Mackay. 1907. 12s. 6d. net.

THE second volume of Mr. Birch's series of books on "Scottish Seals" contains Chapters V. and VI., devoted to ecclesiastical seals of secular and regular corporations.

The first volume was devoted to royal seals, and was noticed in this REVIEW on 18 November, 1905. We then observed that photographic reproductions of seals have not an artistic effect equal to that of engravings, but that the volume was well compiled, and the observation is equally true of the present volume. The seals of the Bishops and Archbishops of S. Andrews, 1163-1545, occupy the first place, all save one of the vesica shape. They exhibit a development of ornament and end with the magnificent seal of Cardinal David Bethune. Bishop Fraser (1281) was the first Metropolitan to introduce his personal shield of arms, and the practice was thereafter constant. Mr. Birch calls attention to the legend in Bishop Richard's seal (1173) as "Episcopi Scottorum" and to that of Bishop Roger (1188) as "Electus Sancti Andree", which bishop after consecration styled himself "Scottorum Episcopus". These legends lead us to expect some argument on the question as to what date bishops became diocesan in Scotland, for it is well established by Dr. Skene and others that episcopacy—in the Keltic districts at least—was originally an order distinct from jurisdiction, the monastic missionary settlements placing jurisdiction in the abbots. The expectation is not fulfilled, and it is clear that Mr. Birch is not prepared to face the strictly historical part of his subject. Indeed we observe throughout the introduction an entire absence of reference to authority, and even when the author states that a seal is affixed to a particular document he does not state the subject-matter of the document nor its custody. The value of the book lies in the descriptions of the seals, on which Mr. Birch is an expert. His suggestions as to the meaning of the symbols are valuable and most of them no doubt sound, but the historical remarks as in Volume I. do not show acquaintance with the works of recent writers. For example Patrick Graham is described as last of the Bishops of S. Andrews "now replaced by Archbishops". That Bishop Graham was himself the person who obtained the erection of the Archdiocese and the creation of the Archbishops as Legati nati is apparently unknown to Mr. Birch. We notice too in the descriptions of the seals language which is theologically inaccurate, e.g. Bishops "adoring" the patron saints of the Sees.

The author's observation on page 60 that the episcopal seals, like the royal seals, closely illustrate the rise, progress, culmination and decadence of the art in Scotland is certainly justified, but in our judgment the episcopal form the finer series. This is not unnatural, for the range of symbolism is more extended and varies in each diocese. Drawn as the symbolism is from Keltic tradition, associated with Columba and his companions, it is full of poetry and pathos such as few other countries could provide. Mr. Birch draws attention to a remarkable legend—a play on Ave and Eva—found on the seals of Arbroath and the Abbey of S. Mary of Middleton, thus suggesting that they are the work of the same artist. As the former was a Tyronian abbey in Scotland and the latter a Benedictine abbey in England, their employing the same artist would be curious.

The author constantly introduces observations collateral to his subject for the purpose of better exposition, and his remark that the cockade of the royal household now in use is founded on an escallop as a cognizance of S. James is one of his better or more interesting suggestions. He is not always equally happy; his translations of the legends, especially the metrical, seem to us very poor; while a reference to S. Bartholomew's death as a "cruel martyrdom" nearly approaches bathos. His general knowledge too is not always above suspicion, as where he speaks of Coldingham as a nunnery. The foundation was no doubt for monks and nuns, but of the large number of deeds now

at Durham and printed by Raine none refers to women. Again, when describing a seal belonging to Scone, although he correctly states the shields of arms as of Scotland, Athole and Strathern, he fails to perceive that the shields identify the king represented as Robert II., who was Earl of Athole and Earl of Strathern before he became King of Scots.

Probably it is the intention of Mr. Birch to offer some observations in a subsequent volume respecting the seals of Church officials, and we are desirous of knowing whether any such seals existed before 1237, when the Papal Legate ordered their adoption in England. It is, however, when he commences his account of the seals of nobles and private persons that the greatest general interest in the series of volumes will arise, and to this part of the work we look forward in hope of increasing our historical knowledge.

THE NEGATIVIST.

"The Philosophy of Common Sense." By Frederic Harrison. London: Macmillan. 1907. 7s. 6d. net.

NO one would fail to guess that a book by Mr. Harrison with the title of "The Philosophy of Common Sense" must be about the positivist philosophy. It will mislead no one, but one is rather surprised that Mr. Harrison should have usurped for his positivism a descriptive title which has long been given to a quite different system of philosophy. It looks rather ominous for the prosperity of the cause which has had so long the benefit of Mr. Harrison's missionary efforts that he is driven to disguise it under an alias. He would not have done so in the ancient days when he was writing and delivering these essays and addresses: a period so remote now that it dates from 1874. His propaganda of positivism was then in full swing, and it seemed to most people, as it has continued to do, to have very little connexion with common sense whatever its other merits might be. We are speaking of positivism in its theological or religious aspects. What these essays tell us of the soul, heaven, immortality, the proper object of human worship, still strikes the vast majority of us as being as remote from common sense as Muggletonianism or Mormonism. Mr. Harrison we suspect must be using the term common sense in the same way as the oculist uses the term normal eyesight, as meaning the kind of eyesight which some six per cent. only of people enjoy, the remaining ninety-four being abnormal. Every enthusiast and fanatic or heretic in religion, philosophy or science exercises the privilege; and on this ground we suppose Mr. Harrison cannot be denied it.

The trouble of doing so indeed is not necessary now. All the trouble about the whole thing was taken when Mr. Harrison was a novelty; at the time when, as he says, Huxley was cutting up monkeys and vivisectioning frogs, and Spencer and agnosticism were popular and fashionable topics. Mr. Harrison shot his bolt along with the other marksmen, and they did not hit anything in particular. And what is the use of digging up the old bolts from the ground where they were buried—unless we are furnishing a case in a museum of antiquated weapons? If Mr. Harrison is collecting his numerous essays and lectures with this object, they may have a certain lukewarm kind of interest; but he must be aware that they are as dead as his old lectures on "Roman Law and Jurisprudence" at the Inns of Court. Mr. Harrison sneers at "the soul of the universe", but Mr. Haldane puts out two volumes of "The Pathway to Reality" and has become as famous a philosopher as Mr. Harrison himself. And while Mr. Harrison is revising his old harpings on "The Choir Invisible" Sir Oliver Lodge is continuing his searchings after the soul by the airy paths of psychic research and Christian Scientists and Faith Healers and Mr. Eustace Miles and the Salvation Army are steadily ignoring him every day of their lives. No! Mr. Harrison is no longer in the present-day terrestrial movement. It has left him far in the rear, say since the days of 1886 and the Irish Home Rule Bill. But it is a noble idea of his, that of the choir invisible—we know George Eliot said it, but she was only doing Mr. Harrison the honour of expressing him. Whenever

we have come to the sad conclusion that our contemporaries are bored with us, there remains the consolation that posterity must give us house-room in its very bones; it cannot get rid of us: we shall still live in minds made better—or worse—by our presence. Why then does Mr. Harrison republish his essays and lectures? Whatever he may hope, we do not ourselves believe that he will make any new converts. Would he not have had the same influence on the choir without taking this trouble? We are not sure, as this doctrine of "the choir" is, extremely esoteric. There is an air of orientalism about it, of an inverted Karma: for as you are not an individual soul after death all your good and bad deeds are inflicted on an innocent and unfortunate posterity. It may possibly be the sense of injustice of the thing that has prevented the English people whom Mr. Harrison has been lecturing and essaying so long from accepting it as an alternative doctrine for that of the immortality of their souls. They might tolerate their own Karma but not Mr. Harrison's. And they are now less disposed than ever for the worship of humanity, as they understand from Professor Huxley's cuttings-up of monkeys that they are the descendants of an anthropoid ape. They are much too occupied in trying to keep man—and woman—out of prisons, workhouses and lunatic asylums in some reasonable proportion to think of worshipping him and her under the abstract name of humanity. Mr. Harrison may say this is sociology, Comtism. So it is: the saner side of it; but it is the other side that is given in this volume.

THE BIG GAME HUNTER.

"A Hunter's Wanderings in Africa." By F. C. Selous. London: Macmillan. 1907. 7s. 6d. net.

"Hunting and Shooting in Ceylon." By Harry Storey. London: Longmans. 1907. 15s. net.

"Big Game Shooting on the Equator." By Captain F. A. Dickinson. London: Lane. 1907. 12s. 6d. net.

"A Picnic Party in Wildest Africa." By C. W. L. Bulpett. London: Arnold. 1907. 12s.

THE hunting of big game demands of its devotees many sacrifices. The hunter must be prepared to endure many and varied hardships in the pursuance of his vocation. Hunger, thirst, fatigue, the rigours of climate, the scorching sun by day, the fever-laden mists of night, these and many other trials must he encounter if he would taste to the full the joys of the hunter's life. Mens sana in corpore sano must be his motto, for twitching nerves and a shaky hand may well cost a human life in those few tense seconds of a wild beast's charge.

Physical courage may not be the greatest of the virtues, but a virtue it assuredly is, and a sport calling into play any virtues is an influence on the healthy side. The man who will stand up unflinching to the awe-inspiring charge of a vicious elephant may not be a clever, a religious, or an especially good man; but he must be a man, and a clean-living, healthy, full-blooded man is an asset on the credit side in the world's ledger.

We in England owe much to the big game hunter. In pursuit of his pastime he has formed an important part of the vanguard of empire. He has explored and opened up on his own initiative the unknown quarters of the globe where, until his advent, the British flag was unknown. The Empire owes a debt to its Samuel Bakers and its Gordon Cummings.

While the danger is undoubtedly one of the charms of big game shooting, yet the pursuit of the smaller and non-dangerous game has its own keen fascination. It is the battle between the developed human brain and the instincts of other animals, in which the victory more often than not rests with the latter. To the true sportsman it is in this pitting of intelligence against instinct that lies the chief charm of his craft. Killing for killing's sake is a thing abhorrent from him, and the unnecessary death of a single head of game, or the escape of a wounded animal to die a more lingering death, is a matter of the deepest regret.

Of the indiscriminate slaughterer—the game hog—nothing sufficiently bad can be said. To satiate his

insensate lust for blood dozens of unhappy victims die: lucky indeed are those which fall to his rifle and escape thereby the fate of their less fortunate brethren, who creep wounded away to gasp out their remaining hours of life.

In pleasant contrast to the exploits of this class of being are the achievements of Mr. Selous. He is a survivor of that extinct class, the professional elephant hunter. He is, further, a true sportsman and the Nestor of big game hunters of to-day. His experiences of African hunting, commencing in 1871, are vastly different from those of the present time. The improved communications and transport of to-day have done much to mitigate the hardships and difficulties of the hunter, while modern weapons, game laws, and reserves have greatly altered the conditions of his sport. If Mr. Selous' "bags" seem excessive judged by latter-day standards, it must be remembered that game was far more plentiful thirty years ago than at the present day, and that the hunter of those days was compelled to rely upon his rifle for food for himself and his entourage. Mr. Selous shot from necessity, not from the love of killing.

Though Mr. Selous' exploits belong to a bygone period, he has in the present generation many worthy disciples. One of these, Mr. Storey, is probably more at home with the rifle than with the pen; his several contributors have compiled a volume which deals exhaustively with the game and hunting grounds of Ceylon. Every variety of game is dealt with, from the seductive snipe to the lordly elephant. It is emphatically a book written by sportsmen of experience who are experts on their subjects, while the mass of miscellaneous information should be useful to the sportsman in search of pastures new.

Captain Dickinson takes us back to Africa, whose virgin beauty and mysterious fascination he feelingly describes. His pleasantly written pages leave on his reader's mind the impression of a cheery, good-hearted sportsman who enjoys every moment of his life, without perhaps going very deeply below the surface: a keen observer and student of animal life and habits, if not exactly a profound naturalist. His wanderings have been far from the beaten track, in the wilds of Equatorial Africa, and he relates his experiences in a breezy manner which has its charm. The illustrations of "Big Game Shooting on the Equator", reproduced from photographs, are excellent.

Mr. Bulpett would, we feel sure, be the first to admit that he is immeasurably the gainer by the collaboration of Mrs. McMillan, the wife of the sporting organiser of the "picnic party". The charmingly written extracts from Mrs. McMillan's diary give to Mr. Bulpett's work a vivacity and sparkle which from a literary point of view greatly enhance its value. Although exploration was the primary object of the "picnic party", yet the pursuit of big game occupies a prominent place in the volume. For the rest, the author has given us a modest, straightforward account of good work done under great difficulties, of peril by flood and field, of dangers defeated, and hardships overcome.

The book touches on a subject of interest in the southerly raids of the Abyssinians. Their raiding parties have of late years reached and raided much British territory. They have been within a day's march of Baringo, a remote post of the British East Africa Protectorate, they have been at the Lorian swamp, and at Lugh and Bardera in Jubaland. The indiscriminate slaughter and selling into slavery of tribes occupying territory within the British sphere of influence is no light matter, and should Mr. Bulpett succeed in attracting the attention of high authority to this crying evil, his book will be a success in better than the trade sense.

NOVELS.

"Lisheen; or, The Test of the Spirits." By the Very Rev. Canon Sheehan. London: Longmans. 1907. 6s.

Few novels have shown so clearly as this the want of unity in Irish life. The peasants are alive: a Catholic curate is as real as his character is beautiful. But the landlords are such as never were on sea or land; they are materialised from the conception of Irish

landlords set forth in the leading articles of Nationalist newspapers. This is bad art and worse morality, and Canon Sheehan proves that his misrepresentation is wilful and deliberate when he contrasts with these Irish gentlemen—"the club-frequenting, fox-hunting, rack-renting, mindless, and godless class, whose days must be filled with ever-increasing, ever-changing excitement, to save them from suicidal mania"—a retired English manufacturer who has no difficulty in entering into the most cordial relations with the peasantry in Kerry. This happy touch will commend the book to the English bourgeoisie without offending Nationalist prejudices, for no Irish Nationalist dislikes individual Englishmen. The scene is laid in the days of the Land League, when, as Canon Sheehan must know, life was certainly full of excitement for Irish landlords, though we never heard before that, like the snakes hunted by S. Patrick, they contemplated suicide to save themselves from slaughter. It is very interesting—psychologically—to see this rancorous class-hatred colouring the work of an educated minister of God, but it is a pity—artistically—that Canon Sheehan is not strong enough to resist the example of the patriotic writers who, always protesting against "the stage Irishman" of fiction and drama, have themselves deliberately invented a grotesquely unlikelike presentment of the Irish gentry. "Lisheen" will for this reason appeal strongly to the Irish-American. The hero, a young landlord named Maxwell (the one white blackbird), resolves to live the life of a peasant like Tolstoi (who surely had not done so before 1880, the approximate date of this book), and goes as a labourer to a small farm in Kerry. Here he is generally supposed to be a deserter from the army, until he is overheard reciting passages from "Macbeth" and taken to be a self-confessed murderer. The plot is complicated by the marriage of his cousin to an impossible Anglo-Indian, an episode which allows the author to work in a collection of fallacies and ludicrous blunders about India, evidently reproduced in good faith, and to introduce a disgusting touch of melodrama. (The wife discovers her husband to be a leper.) The book opens with one of the oddest descriptions of salmon-fishing extant in literature. Yet the pictures of peasant-life—by no means idealised—are admirable. The author must have discovered for himself, even though unconscious of his errors against reality and good taste, that in half his chapters he is building entirely upon guess-work. That being so, we trust that he will rely in his next novel upon that intimate knowledge of life in certain aspects which made "My New Curate" such an excellent book.

"The Plotters of Peking." By Carlton Dawe. London: Nash. 1907. 6s.

In "The Plotters of Peking" we have a series of marvellous adventures in China, which fall to the lot of a resourceful and imperturbable Englishman, known as "The Emperor's Watch-dog" or "The Weasel". He is of the type familiar to us in the sensational novel, daring to the point of rashness, and extraordinarily and incredibly lucky in getting out of "tight corners". In the last few stories of the collection the craftsmanship perceptibly deteriorates, the escapes become too miraculous, and difficulties of time and space are slurred over very much as they are in nightmares, when a staircase is leapt at a bound and hours are as seconds. Mr. Carlton Dawe has acquired, probably at second hand, a certain amount of information about Chinese manners and customs, and sometimes uses it effectively, but it is also evident that occasionally he draws considerably on his imagination.

"Blind Man's Buff." By Alice Maud Meadows. London: Everett. 1907. 6s.

If in this feast of sensationalism any rude surfeit reign, it is because the fare provided is rather generous than varied. For we have two of everything; two bad baronets, two inconvenient wives, two inquests. There is no luck in even numbers, it would seem. "Sometimes I wish I had died when I stood at the altar with you", says the second baronet to the lady who relieved him of his first encumbrance. The remark

is, in the circumstances, a little unkind. The speaker lives (of course) to become a widower for the second time. "Charles Merriweather will never marry again." It would be strange if he even thought of it, after his experiences. By the constant use of commas where most people put semicolons the author has achieved a breathless style, supposed to typify, perhaps, the interest she wishes to arouse. Her book is one which, as some advertisers say, will astonish you.

"A Woman from the Sea: a Romance of '93." By J. Bloundelle Burton. London: Nash. 1907. 6s.

The secondary title of this story suggests a comparison with Victor Hugo's "Quatre-vingt-treize", but the substance hardly justifies the drawing of an elaborate parallel. Mr. Bloundelle Burton gives us lively scenes of the French Revolution, but handicaps himself with familiar stage-tricks. The heroine is allowed nearly to wreck several lives for want of a few words of explanation. Again, the kind-hearted dancing girl of indifferent character who contracts at a moment's notice an unselfish affection for the gallant hero is a very old friend. The story is in somewhat the same manner as Baroness Orczy's "Scarlet Pimpernel", but is far less exciting.

"Rosette." By Mrs. William O'Brien. London: Burns and Oates. 3s. 6d.

There is considerable charm in this simple tale of a French girl's uneventful existence in Paris and in Dublin, especially in the pleasant scenes of convent life. "Rosette" becomes a nun, and her vocation is her one romance. It is a spiritual love-story, and so fresh and healthy in tone that it might convert the most prejudiced antagonist to a more cheerful view of the conventual system.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Cathedrals and Churches of North Italy." By T. Francis Bumpus. London: Werner Laurie. 1907. 18s.

Mr. Bumpus, "with no impedimenta beyond a knapsack and a portfolio"—not a bad equipment by the way—with little more than a month at his disposal to see his subject, has yet contrived to produce quite a satisfactory work on some of the cathedrals and churches of North Italy. It is easy to see that he is already well posted in architecture; it is easy to see that he is an enthusiast; and with knowledge and enthusiasm combined a good deal of quite profitable church-seeing can be done in a month. His district embraces the Trentino, Venetia, Lombardy and Emilia, and so we get the churches of Trent, Verona, Vicenza, Padua, Venice, Ferrara, Bologna, Ravenna, Milan, together with the Lombard cathedrals and churches of Modena, Parma, Piacenza, Cremona and Pavia. The book is practically entirely architectural; the sister arts of painting and sculpture are very scantily treated. Mr. Bumpus excuses himself at the outset on the score that "one of the first lessons of a traveller is renunciation—the stern resolve not to attempt to seize more than can be grasped". That is well enough, but the title-page of Mr. Bumpus' excellent book might perhaps have given us some hint of his limitations. In compensation, however, he gives us at the end a useful list of the principal pictures and wall-paintings in the churches he describes. Mr. Bumpus is perhaps still too much under the thrall of Northern Gothic to do full justice to Italian Gothic, but he is quite agreeably moved to enthusiasm by "the consummate beauty, the refinement and modesty" with which "the introduction of colour in construction" is due to the sublime Italian architecture of the middle ages. We fancy his enthusiasm will increase still more if ever he comes to deal with the architecture of Central Italy. The book is well illustrated and furnished with a useful map and a good index.

"British Museum: Reproductions from Illuminated Manuscripts." Series I. and II. Published by order of the Trustees. London: Longmans, Bernard Quaritch, and others. 5s. each part.

This series, of which we have received Parts I. and II., is quite one of the best and most useful of the many works issued during the last few years by the British Museum. It is extraordinarily cheap, and the illustrations of various types of illuminated manuscripts are among the best we have seen. They lose nothing by being in monochrome instead of in colours, for it is not yet possible to reproduce by printing or photography the exquisite effect of the colours in the originals, and all attempts which have come under our notice become unsatisfactory after they have been looked at a few times. Anyone

(Continued on page 676.)

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who will study this book will soon acquire with but little trouble some technical knowledge of illuminated manuscripts; and if by placing the means of studying them within the reach of all Dr. Warner has increased the general appreciation of these works of art and reverence, he should indeed be thanked. The taste of the modern collector will soon be improved. We think the book would be still easier to study if the full descriptive text were printed under each plate.

"The Lakes of Northern Italy." By Richard Bagot. London: Methuen. 1907. 5s. net.

Mr. Bagot has been well advised to republish these sketches of a delightful region. They originally appeared as the letter-press of a large illustrated volume in which both text and pictures were vastly superior to the majority of their kind. The original book was far too large to be portable, but the present edition will prove a pleasant text-book for anyone who desires to know something of the associations, historical and traditional, of the scenes he is visiting. We are glad to see that an addition has been made in the shape of some chapters on the shores of the Lago di Garda, a district too much neglected by hundreds who know Como and Maggiore well. Sirmione with its mediæval castle and Roman ruins is of striking interest, and Salò with its lemon groves beautiful in the extreme. The road from the latter place to Brescia is delightful to traverse either in a motor or on a bicycle, but even many who are acquainted with Riva and Arco have barely visited the southern end of the lake.

"Condition of the Border at the Union: Destruction of the Graham Clan." By John Graham. Second Edition. London: Routledge. 1907. 2s. 6d. net.

Mr. Graham has profited by the researches of the Scottish National Manuscripts Commission to put together a number of interesting facts about the Border clans. Before the Union of the Crowns England and Scotland had each found it useful to maintain fierce wardens of the marches, but Great Britain once united could not tolerate such an Alsatia, and the Borders were tamed—ungently enough. It is a pity that the author of this little book, when writing of historical families still existing, has not followed the spelling of surnames now stereotyped: sixteenth-century orthography was so vague that it is confusing to find its vagaries reproduced.

For this Week's Books see page 678.

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WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

Dr.	Cost.	Cost per ton milled.
To Mining Expenses—		
Mining £61,882 3 9		
Developing 10,459 9 9		
Reduction Expenses 672,341 13 6		£0 16 3'546
General Expenses:—		
Mine 19,506 10 2		0 4 4'728
Head Office 4,247 3 11		0 0 11'480
.. .. 1,484 0 2		0 0 4'011
Working Profit £97,519 13 9		£1 1 11'767
.. .. 27,382 16 1		0 6 2'018
.. .. £124,962 11 10		£1 8 1'786

Cr.	Value.	Value per ton milled.
By Gold Account £124,962 11 10		£1 8 1'786

Dr.	
To Net Profit £27,564 14 3	
Cr.	
By Balance Working Profit brought down £27,382 16 1	
Interest 181 16 2	
.. .. £27,564 14 3	

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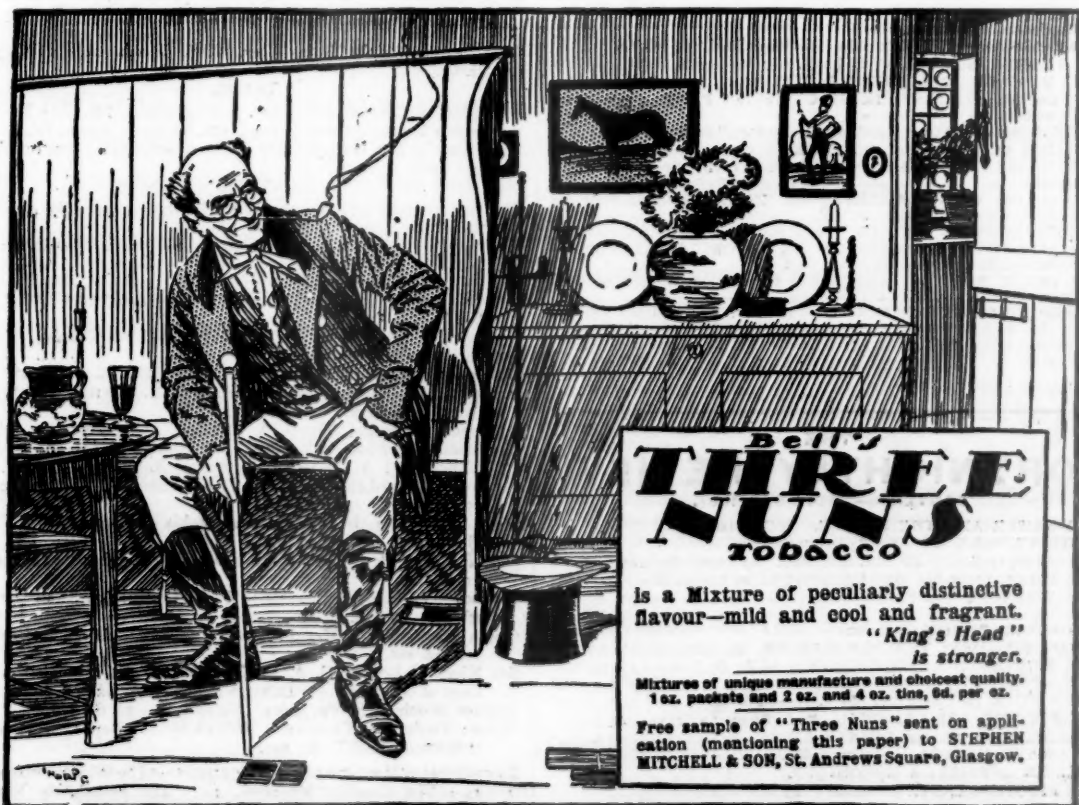
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	£8,250,000

ISSUE OF 100,000 ORDINARY SHARES OF £10 EACH AT PAR, payable as follows:

£	s.	d.	
10	0	0	per share on Application.
10	0	0	Alotment.
2	0	0	6th January, 1908.
2	0	0	6th February 1908.
2	0	0	24th March, 1908.
2	0	0	21st April, 1908.
1	0	0	19th May, 1908.

Total £10 0 0 per share.

Payment in full may be made either on Allotment, or on the respective instalment dates. Upon the amount so paid in advance, interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum will be paid on 10th May, 1908.

The Directors of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Company, Limited, have authorised the London Joint Stock Bank, Limited, and Martin's Bank, Limited, as Bankers of the Company, to receive applications for the above Shares, which will, at the Ordinary General Meeting to be held in 1908, be converted into Ordinary Stock, and as from 30th June, 1908, will rank *pari passu* with the existing issue of £6,000,000 Ordinary Stock, but the dividend in respect of the period ending 30th June, 1908, will be calculated on the instalments as from their respective due dates.

The Company owns and has in operation 905 miles of broad gauge (5 ft. 6 in.) railway in the Argentine Republic extending westward from the City of Buenos Ayres to Villa Mercedes, the main line forming part of the system which is to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Seaboard of the South American Continent. In addition to the lines already opened to public traffic, concessions have been obtained from the Argentine Government for branch lines of an approximate length of 660 miles, 337 miles of the same being under construction.

For some time past, the Company has worked the Bahia Blanca and North-Western Railway (563 miles now open) and the Villa Maria and Rufino Railway (147 miles). On the 1st July last the Company also took over the working of the Argentine Great Western and Argentine Transandine Railways (609 miles now open), and, by means of this arrangement, the control of the whole trans-continental line from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso, in so far as it is situated in Argentine territory, has been secured by this Company. The Bahia Blanca and North-Western Railway has been building a line 222 miles in length to connect with this Company's system; the last section of this line was delivered to public service on the 1st October last, and this Company is, therefore, in possession of through communication with the rapidly developing Port of Bahia Blanca.

The total length of the entire system now in operation is therefore 2,218 miles. The continued expansion of the traffic results of the system controlled and worked by the Company since 1900 is shown by the following table:—

	1900-1901	1901-1902	1902-1903	1903-1904	1904-1905	1905-1906	1906-1907
Gross Receipts	£60,878	£84,267	£718,001	£959,306	£1,262,636	£1,618,365	£2,074,591
Working Expenses	£332,405	£304,467	£347,407	£533,083	£719,111	£821,404	£1,199,842
Net Receipts	£268,473	£479,800	£370,594	£426,223	£544,525	£796,961	£874,749

A Dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum has been paid each year on the Ordinary Capital of the Company since the year 1902-1903. The Reserve Funds at the 30th June last stood at £844,282 (s. 3d).

After including, for the purpose of comparison, the receipts of the Argentine Great Western and Transandine Railways in the figures for the corresponding period of last year, the estimated gross receipts for the 21 weeks from 1st July last to the 31st instant show an increase of £118,924. Cabled reports of the wheat and linseed crops now being harvested are extremely satisfactory, and point to a period of continued prosperity for the country generally. No damage has been done by insects.

The increase in the traffic of this Company's Railway has rendered it necessary to acquire from time to time more Engines and Rolling Stock, widen portions of the main line, provide additional Stations and Sidings, secure adequate Terminal facilities in and around the City of Buenos Ayres, and to improve the carrying capacity of the Railway generally.

Past expenditure of Capital has been abundantly justified by results, and the proceeds of the present issue will be applied towards the cost and equipment of branch lines, terminal works, additional Locomotives and Rolling Stock, improvements and additions to the road, stations, workshops, &c., and to the general requirements of the railway.

A preference in the allotment as regards 50,000 Shares of this Issue will be given to applications from Ordinary Stockholders of the Company.

Applications on the form accompanying this Prospectus, together with the deposit of Ten Shillings per Share, should be forwarded to the London Joint Stock Bank, Limited, 5 Princes Street, London, E.C., or to Martin's Bank, Limited, 68 Lombard Street, London, E.C.

If no allotment is made the deposit will be returned without deduction. Should a smaller amount be allotted than is applied for, the surplus paid on application will be appropriated towards the balance due on allotment. Non-payment of any instalment upon the due date will render the amount previously paid liable to forfeiture.

Application will in due course be made to obtain a Stock Exchange quotation for this Issue.

The Articles governing the payment of Dividends provide that—

The profits of the Company of any year shall be applied first in payment of a cumulative Dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum upon the First Preference Stock or Shares, and subject thereto the profits of each year shall be applied to the payment of a non-cumulative Dividend of 5 per cent. for the year on the Second Preference Stock or Shares, and the balance shall be distributable among the holders of Ordinary Stock or Shares.

Before paying any Dividend the Directors may set aside such part of the profits of any year as they think proper to a Reserve Fund, which may be applied to the payment of Dividends on the First Preference Stock or Shares, or to the renewal or repair of the Company's Railway or Rolling Stock, or to any other purpose of the Company.

Apart from the contracts made by the Company in the ordinary course of business, the following have been entered into within the two years immediately preceding the date hereof:—

Contracts dated 24th April, 1906, and made between the Company and the Villa Maria and Rufino Railway Company, Limited. Contract dated 16th May, 1906, and made between the Company, the Bahia Blanca and North-Western Railway Company, Limited, and the South American Light and Power Company, Limited. Contract entered into on the 29th May, 1906, between the Argentine Government and the Company for the construction of lines from Bunge to Bucharcho; from Chacabuco to the Alberdi branch; and from Rawson to a point near O'Higgins. Contract dated 4th December, 1906, and made between the Company and the Bahia Blanca and North-Western Railway Company, Limited. Supplemental Trust Deed dated 12th December, 1906, and made between the Company and the Trustees for the 5 Per Cent. Debenture Stock securing £350,000 of such Stock. Contracts dated 22nd April, 1907, and made between the Company and the Argentine Great Western Railway Company, Limited. Trust Deeds dated 28th May and 12th October, 1907, and made between the Company and the Trustees for securing the 4½ Per Cent. Consolidated Debenture Stock. Contract dated 30th May, 1907, and made between the Company and Messrs. Sheppards, Pelly, Price, and Pott, for underwriting £1,000,000 of 4½ Per Cent. Consolidated Debenture Stock. Contract dated 16th July, 1907, and made between the Company, the Argentine Great Western Railway Company, Limited, and the Argentine Transandine Railway Company, Limited. Contract dated 11th October, 1907, and made between the Company and Messrs. Sheppards, Pelly, Price, and Pott, for underwriting £1,000,000 of 4½ Per Cent. Consolidated Debenture Stock. Contract dated 28th November, 1907, and made between the Company and Messrs. Sheppards, Pelly, Price, and Pott for underwriting the present issue of 100,000 Ordinary Shares of £10 each at a commission of 3 Per Cent. The above Contracts may be inspected at the Offices of the Solicitors on any day while the List remains open, between the hours of 11 and 4.

In 1882, 50,000 Preferred Shares of £20 each were offered for subscription and allotted, and £20 paid on each share (subsequently converted into First Preference, Second Preference and Ordinary Stock). In 1888, 15,000 Deferred Shares of £20 each and 5,000 Second Preferred Shares of £20 each were allotted as fully paid, as part of the consideration for the construction of the Railway (subsequently converted into Second Preference and Ordinary Stock). The following Shares of £10 each have also been offered for subscription and allotted, and £10 paid on each Share, viz., in 1904, 125,000 Ordinary Shares; in 1905, 200,000 Ordinary Shares; in 1906, 200,000 Ordinary Shares; in 1907, 200,000 Ordinary Shares (subsequently converted into Ordinary Stock); in 1905, 23,000 Second Preference Shares (subsequently converted into Second Preference Stock); in 1905, 20,000 First Preference Shares (subsequently converted into First Preference Stock).

The Company has the right to create further Debenture Stock for £3,000,000, carrying interest at 4½ per cent. per annum and ranking in all respects *pari passu* with the £2,000,000 Consolidated Debenture Stock already issued, and a further amount at the rate of £4,000 per mile of additional line hereafter acquired by the Company or of new line for the time being constructed or in course of construction, or about to be constructed (including the extra track taken at £4,000 a mile where lines are doubled) in excess of the mileage belonging to the Company in operation on 28th May, 1907, and also for such a further amount as shall be sufficient to redeem prior issues at not exceeding the par value of the Stock for the time being redeemed, and any premium payable on redemption under the terms of the issue thereof.

A Brokerage at the rate of a Quarter per cent. will be paid by the Company on allotments made in respect of applications bearing a broker's stamp.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained at the Offices of the Company, Dashwood House, 9 New Broad Street, London, E.C.; of the Bankers; and of Messrs. Sheppards, Pelly, Price, and Pott, the Brokers of the Company.

Registered Offices:
Dashwood House, 9 New Broad Street, London, E.C.

28th November, 1907.

Directors.

J. W. PHILIPPS, M.P. (Chairman).
T. PENN GASKELL, M.Inst.C.E.
C. E. GUNTHER.
EDWARD NORMAN.
HON. ARTHUR STANLEY, M.P.
F. O. SMITHERS (Managing Director).

Bankers.

THE LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK, LIMITED, 5 Princes Street, London, E.C.
MARTIN'S BANK, LIMITED, 68 Lombard Street, London, E.C.

Bankers in Argentina.
THE ANGLO SOUTH AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

Solicitors.

ASHURST, MORRIS, CRISP & CO., 17 Throgmorton Avenue, London, E.C.

Brokers.

SHEPPARDS, PELLY, PRICE & POTT, 57 Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

Auditors.

TURQUAND, YOUNGS & CO., 41 Coleman Street, London, E.C.

General Manager and Secretary—J. A. GOUDGE.

Assistant-Secretary—W. R. CRONAN.

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THE BUENOS AYRES AND PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED.

Issue of 100,000 Ordinary Shares of £10 each.

TO THE DIRECTORS OF

THE BUENOS AYRES AND PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to your Bankers the sum of £..... as a deposit of Ten shillings per Share on application for Ordinary Shares of £10 each of THE BUENOS AYRES AND PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED, I request that this number may be allotted to me, and I agree to accept the same, or any smaller number that may be allotted to me, upon the terms of the Prospectus dated 29th November, 1907.

Ordinary Signature

Name (in full)*

Address

Date..... 1907.

* Please say whether "Mrs.," "Miss," "Reverend" or give other distinctive description.

This Form is to be filled up and forwarded to The London Joint Stock Bank, Limited, 5 Princes Street, London, E.C., or Martin's Bank, Limited, 68 Lombard Street, London, E.C.

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